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ART. I. — MILL'S REVIEW OF HAMILTON.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. Boston: W. V. Spencer.

THE personal qualities of John Stuart Mill, as a man deeply interested in every work of social reform, and in every cause which concerns his fellow-creatures, have lately brought him into such wide and distinguished notice, that even his illustrious fame as a thinker on the profoundest problems in metaphysics seems to be, for a time, eclipsed. The man is cordially admired by people who were ignorant enough to suppose him the author of Miss Evans's novel, "Mill on the Floss." Loyal Americans speak of him as the "Great Englishman," — why great, they know not, except that he liked them, — who stoutly maintained their cause throughout the war, as many another Englishman did; and who loved the cause better than they did themselves, because he understood it better. Such a combination of man's practical sympathy with subtile metaphysical speculation is exceedingly rare.

It is the more rare, when, as in Mr. Mill's case, the speculative talent is in excess of the practical. We consider him to be pre-eminently a thinker on abstract problems. In his canvass for Parliament, he opened himself to the criticism of the short-sighted even, by his singular notion that no one should

be allowed to vote who could not work out a sum in the "rule of three." But his must be a very keen eye that can detect a fallacy in his logic, or a flaw in the texture of his mental philosophy. The most difficult themes he handles with the ease of a master. So full is his consciousness of power, and so competent his knowledge, that he dares to walk without the least disguise or affectation over that domain, the frequenters whereof play the chameleon on principle. He writes on philosophical questions like a man of business; gets as near as he can to the naked thought; presses the thought close against fact; uses the simplest words, and believes in the possibility of reaching the bottom of things by the honest use of reason. For this cause, his writings, however abstruse and profound, are always interesting.

The volumes before us contain scarcely more than a series of notes on the philosophical points discussed in the writings of Sir William Hamilton, and of criticisms on his mode of treating them. They do not constitute a philosophical work: but are more like studies for such a work, which we hope, and are almost tempted to predict, that the author has in contemplation. For Mr. Mill thinks on long lines; the action of his mind is systematic, continuous, exhaustive. It is not his way to leave questions half-answered; and we shall decline to receive this collection of "Remarks," as even so much as the outline sketch of a system of philosophy. We regard them as intended to do a work which is incidental to the statement of a new system; the work, namely, of preparing the ground by the removal of rubbish. His business here is the summary exposure and radical extermination of fallacies; and the work is done effectually, once and for all time.

Mr. Mill takes up Sir William Hamilton, not because he is weak, but because he is strong; because he is the strongest man whose name is associated with the views he writes to pass judgment on. The philosophy appears in him at its best. Mr. Mill prefers, therefore, assailing it under the statement made by Sir William, than under any statement that he could make himself; his only regret being, that Sir William, being dead, cannot meet his objections, or give him the benefit

of his criticisms in return. How Sir William would have met this terrible opponent, we never shall know. To us, it seems as if encounter would be useless. Not only are we sensible of something like mortification, in that we esteemed Sir William so great a philosopher: we find ourselves doubting if he was a philosopher at all, in the noble sense of the word.

We did fancy, before reading this book, that we had a tolerably accurate idea of the Hamiltonian Philosophy. Its grand features, at least, were sufficiently familiar. We were acquainted with its founder's famous critique on Cousin, wherein he laid assault to the very citadel of the philosophy of the absolute and infinite; and we had had for years on our shelf his edition of Reid, with notes and dissertations, wherein, accepting substantially the basis of the system of "common sense," he attempted to rear an edifice thereupon, more consistent and complete than the Scotchman was able to construct. We had considered ourselves well grounded in his "great axiom," that all our human knowledge is of things relative and phenomenal; that of things as existing in and for themselves, without relation to us or our faculties, — of things absolute, — we know and can know nothing; be they external, be they internal, be they material, intellectual, or spiritual; the existence of them being purely an inference from such appearances as our faculties can take cognizance of. With the Hamiltonian doctrine of "The Conditioned," which imports that all we can positively think lies between two opposite poles of thought, which, as excluding each other, cannot both be true, but of which one or the other must be, we believed ourselves acquainted. Mr. Mansel, Sir William's eager disciple, made these two dogmas of the Relative and the Conditioned somewhat notorious by his Essay on "The Limits of Religious Thought." We had associated the name of Sir William Hamilton with the opinion that Consciousness is the recognition, by the mind, of its own acts and affections, and of nothing beside, whether in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; whether things past, present, or to come; material or spiritual. We had held him responsible for a peculiar theory of Causation which implied that the very idea of

Causation was inconceivable; and for a vigorous defence of the belief in Free Will, grounded in his philosophy of the Conditioned.

But, from these volumes, it appears that we have all along been ascribing opinions to Sir William which he never consistently held. It appears that he either never held, or that he after a time ceased to hold, the famous doctrine of the Relativity of Human Knowledge; inasmuch as, while emphatically asserting it in some passages, in others "he repudiated it in every sense which makes it other than a barren truism."

It appears that he takes back in detail what he has affirmed in general, and reposes arguments on bases which he himself discarded when stating and arguing his Philosophy of the Conditioned. It appears that he taught two different, inconsistent, and opposite doctrines of Consciousness; one, that it is synonymous with immediate or intuitive knowledge, and that we are conscious not merely of our own state of mind, but of outward objects; not merely of sensations, but of certain qualities in things;—another, that Consciousness is simply the mind's recognition of its own acts and feelings. In respect to Causation, it appears that, while he professes to explain the phenomenon of Causality, he begins by emptying the phenomenon of all that requires explanation: and, while defending the doctrine of Free Will, he "as is often the case (and it is one of the best things he does) saves his opponents the trouble of answering his friends."

Mr. Mill brings terrible charges against the great philosopher. He accuses him of being rather a polemic than a connected thinker; a man who, "if he can only seize on something which will strike a hard blow at an opponent, seldom troubles himself how much of his own edifice may be knocked down by the shock." He alleges of him, that he rejected doctrines, not because he had examined them and found them wanting, but without examining them; that "the character of his whole Philosophy seems to have been determined by the requirements of the doctrine of Free Will; to which doctrine he clung, because he had persuaded himself that it

afforded the only premises from which human reason could deduce the doctrines of Natural Religion."—"Instead of having reasoned out a consistent scheme of thought," says his critic, "of which every part fits in with the other parts, he seems to have explored the deeper regions of the mind only at the points which had some direct connection with the conclusions he had adopted on a few special questions of Philosophy; and from his different explorations he occasionally brought back different results."

Mr. Mill even has the audacity to dispute Sir William's claim to omniscience. He dares to say that he knows little or nothing of Science; that he is wholly unacquainted with Applied Mathematics, not understanding so much as the meaning of the phrase; and that he makes serious mistakes in the department of knowledge with which he is most familiar, namely, the History of Philosophical Speculation. These charges are not merely advanced: they are substantiated by abundant quotations. It will be long before Sir William's reputation recovers from the blow dealt upon it by his great countryman, if it ever does.

But Mr. Mill is not striving for victory over an opponent, however famous. He is striving for the truth. He would not have laid a finger on Hamilton's renown, if his renown had not been associated with doctrines which he believed to be false, and the error of which he thought himself competent to expose. And yet we must qualify this statement by saying, that his quarrel, after all, is not so directly with the essential character and main drift of Hamilton's Philosophy, as with Hamilton himself. He accepts heartily — of course, with reservations on details of argument and statement — the substance of Hamilton's critique on Cousin and the Transcendentalists. He shares, also, with suitable reservations, his admiration for Reid. The famous doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge he holds, under his own definition, to be fundamental and precious. With some of Sir William's expressions respecting Consciousness he cordially agrees. His complaint is, that Sir William does not comprehend the scope, or follow the leading, of his own essential principles.

Mr. Mill is a thinker of what is called in the modern speech the Psychological School, to which belong also Prof. Bain of Aberdeen, and Herbert Spencer. Under the old classification, he would be called a Sensationalist as distinguished from a Transcendentalist; but Speculative Philosophy has made such immense gains, during the past generation, in method as well as in material, that the old nomenclature fails to do any thing but misrepresent. The Transcendentalist Philosophy is the main object of attack; and in these volumes he means to hunt it out of its last refuge, and to kill its last spawn in the writings of one of its foremost antagonists in this century. Its citadel he supposes carried: he is concerned now to sweep it out of the cellars. It is confessedly dead: in this work he fumigates the garments of those who have aided in laying out the corpse. Every chapter of these volumes throws a light into some dark corner of Sir William's writings where the heresy lurks, and makes the presence of it apparent. The chapters on "The Doctrine of Concepts or General Notions," on Judgment, on Reasoning, on the Conception of Logic as a Science, on the Hamiltonian Theory of Pleasure and Pain, on Sir William's Opinions on the Study of Mathematics, are loaded and aimed with the same deadly purpose of assault on some ghost of Transcendentalism. It often seems for a moment as if the remorseless critic was losing scent of his trail and wandering aimlessly in some by-path, attracted by the love of logical play with so accomplished a dialectician; but it is no such thing: he has scented the odious doctrine on some button of Sir William's coat, and he springs at it. The trail is taken up again, on the instant.

Though professedly a work of criticism, and not of exposition, the writer ventures enough of exposition to make the leading features of his own system plain. In opposition to Cousin, who states it as the problem of philosophy to ascertain just *what Consciousness actually tells us*, postponing any attempt at framing a theory concerning the origin of any of the facts of Consciousness, till the sum of them has been carefully noted, Mr. Mill declares that "*the origin of our ideas*" is the main stress of the problem of mental science,

and the subject which must be first considered in forming a theory of the Mind. Being unable to examine the actual contents of our Consciousness until our earliest, which are necessarily our most firmly knit associations are fully formed, we cannot study the original elements of mind, in the facts of our *present* Consciousness.

“Those original elements can only come to light, as residual phenomena, by a previous study of the modes of generation of the mental facts which are confessedly not original; a study sufficiently thorough to enable us to apply its results to the convictions, beliefs, or supposed intuitions which seem to be original, and to determine whether some of *them* may not have been generated by the same modes so early as to have become inseparable from our consciousness before the time at which memory commences.”

This method of ascertaining the original elements of mind, Mr. Mill calls the “psychological” as distinguished from the purely “introspective” mode. It is an adaptation to psychology, of the method now universally approved in physical science. Having full faith in his method, Mr. Mill firmly believes that all difficulties will yield before it, and in vision sees the intuitions of the mind one after another resolving themselves into *results of experience*. The notion that the mind possesses a native faculty, by means of which it has, prior to all experience, an immediate perception of objects, entities, or beings outside of itself, — an immediate insight into truths, or direct knowledge of principles, — he discards with a vigor which we have never seen equalled by any thinker, not even by Mr. Spencer himself, in some of whose writings a suspicion of the Intuitive Philosophy lingers. Simple acts of consciousness, simple movements of thought, mental impressions, are all he allows that we know; and these facts of consciousness he contends were all acquired, and may all perhaps be traced to their origin in experience. Mr. Mill is perfectly right in declaring it superfluous for him to say, that the doctrine that we have an immediate or intuitive knowledge of God, is, in his opinion, “bad metaphysics, involving a false conception of the nature and limits of the human faculties, and grounded on a superficial and erroneous psy-

chology." Of course whatever relates to God he holds to be matter of inference, and of inference based on experience. The idea of God may be an established possession of the human mind. We may have had it from the earliest dawn of our conscious thinking; the mind, on coming to consciousness, may find it implanted as by some supernatural hand, or existing as part of its organic formation; there may be a necessity of entertaining it which cannot be overcome. Nevertheless the idea may have been acquired, not by the individual who holds it now, not by the individuals immediately preceding him in time, not by the individuals of a century or more back,—but by the all but infinite series and groups of individuals who, since man came upon the planet, have been impressed by the order in which the successions of phenomena appeared, and by the marks of intelligence which characterized their processions and changes. These observations have been so constant and multitudinous; the inferences from them have been so steady, rapid, and cumulative,—that the processes by which the belief in God is attained, go on instinctively, and in fact are fore-ordained for every clear intelligence.

The idea of immortality, which Mr. Parker thought was arrived at intuitively, or rather was not arrived at at all, but discovered as a primeval deposit in the mind, is by Mr. Mill traced to the same origin. It is not a fact of consciousness, in the sense of being a native element of consciousness, undervived and original. It is a fact of consciousness certainly, though not strictly a universal one or a necessary one. In many minds it is wanting; in other minds it dwells as a thing that might be put away. In others, again, it is retained by an effort. It is a fact of consciousness: but it has not always been a fact of consciousness. There is nothing in Mr. Mill's system that is inconsistent with a firm belief in individual immortality. There is no tendency in his system, if we understand it, to weaken the belief in any mind. The Philosophy takes the belief as it finds it: but, in accounting for its presence, he would go far back to the multifarious experience of mankind, by which the human mind and heart have been educated in that special assurance and hope.

The same ground, no other and no further, would he allow for the moral distinction between right and wrong, and for the moral conviction in favor of the right. No one could go further than he in maintaining the validity of the distinction; no one could lay a greater stress on the conviction as being one of the ineradicable persuasions of the enlightened and even of the unenlightened mind. He would probably acknowledge, as at present existing in mankind, in so far as they have been in concurrence with the general life of humanity, a moral instinct, a moral sense, which has an immediate perception of rectitude as contrasted with iniquity. But this moral sense, though an inalienable possession dating back from time immemorial, is to be counted as an inheritance earned by love and hard experience in living, bought by the toil and suffering, the success and the failure, of uncounted generations of men who have been walking over bridges of swords from earth to paradise, till long practice has made them wary and skilful in the planting of their feet. The Golden Rule, he might say, was not picked up by one walking heedlessly over the field of consciousness; nor was it fashioned by a single blow of genius. It has been heated in the fires of human sorrow and temptation thrust into the furnace of affliction, and taken out of it millions and millions of times. Every race has had it on its anvil under its trip-hammer. Its strength had been tried in every mode that was conceivable, in every emergency which could possibly come in the public or private, the social or the personal, relations of men. The nations of the East used it in the measurement of actions. The Chinese laid it against characters, and tried them by its standard. The Greeks were familiar with it, and by their fine manipulation wrought it into finished and beautiful shape. Jesus found it on the ground, took it up, experimented with it, applied it to all the occasions that arose in his career, leaned on it and found it did not break or bend, gauged by it and found it never came short, and passed it on. We never ask now where it came from. We accept it without question. Everybody has it, we say; everybody has had it, from the beginning of the world: it

is an innate principle of conscience. That, replies Mr. Mill, is not so certain. Nothing is to be accepted as an innate principle that can be accounted for in another way. This can be.

No original, native, underived knowledge of things, beings, truths, outside of our own minds; no revelation by consciousness of an objective world,—this we take to be the watchword of the psychological school. Matter, defined by Mr. Mill, is simply “a Permanent Possibility of Sensation.”

“If I am asked, he says, whether I believe in Matter, I ask whether the questioner accepts this definition of it. If he does, I believe in Matter; and so do all Berkeleians. In any other sense than this, I do not. But I affirm with confidence, that this conception of Matter includes the whole meaning attached to it by the common world, apart from philosophical, and sometimes from theological theories. The reliance of mankind on the real existence of visible and tangible objects means reliance on the reality and permanence of possibilities of visual and tactual sensations when no such sensations are actually experienced.”

Dr. Johnson's famous knock-down argument, the demonstration of the cudgel, hurts nobody but himself. We are not called on to deny our sensations, because we deny all immediate knowledge of the substance composing the stick. The conscious feeling is the same, whether the wood be a solid entity or only a projection from the mind.

We have no space for a description of the mental laws under which the conception of an external world grew up. We cannot even do justice to the analysis by which the primary qualities of matter—specified as Resistance, Extension, and Figure—are resolved into sensations which are referable at last, to the sense of touch, and to the muscles, acting in obedience to the law of inseparable association. A long passage is quoted from Professor Bain's work, “The Senses and the Intellect,” as presenting, in its latest and most improved form, the argument which traces the perception of the mathematical and mechanical properties of matter to the muscular sensibility alone. The argument is ingenious, but not too ingenious to be satisfactory. We give in to the

belief, that the space moved through by the foot in pacing may be appreciated solely through the muscles of the limb, as well as by the movements of the touching hand or the seeing eye; that the body's own movements, in empty space, would suffice to make the same impressions on the mind as the movements excited by outward objects; that the notion of length in space is constructed by the mind's laws out of the notion of length in time; and that the notion of extended body is that of various resisting points, which successively come under the touch, and which are said to be at different distances from one another, because the series of intervening muscular sensations is longer in some cases than in others. Sir William Hamilton unwittingly confirms this explanation, which elsewhere he pronounces wholly unsatisfactory, by quoting the experience of a man born blind, as drawn from him by the metaphysician Platner. The truth elicited seemed to be, that, with the blind, *time served instead of space*. "Vicinity and distance mean, in their mouths, nothing more than the longer or shorter time, the smaller or greater number of feelings which they find necessary to attain from some one feeling to another."—"In like manner he distinguished figures in external bodies merely by the varieties of impressed feelings: the cube, for example, affected his feelings differently from the sphere." The theory, in a word, is this: "The sensation of muscular motion unimpeded, constitutes our notion of empty space; and the sensation of muscular motion impeded, constitutes that of filled space." It is a theory, which when fully exhibited meets the demands of the problem, without recourse to the intuitions. It substitutes, for "Categories of the Mind," mental representations caused by impressions on the sense.

The same process of reasoning which begets the conviction that consciousness gives no evidence of the existence of an outward world of Matter, begets the conviction that consciousness gives no evidence of an inward world of Mind. Of Mind itself we know nothing; only of a succession of manifold feelings which are called States or Modifications of Mind. It is, indeed, true that we think of Mind as of some-

thing permanent, remaining always the same, while the special feelings which seem to "pass over it," or "pass through it," change and disappear. But is there good reason for thinking, that this attribute of permanence, which we ascribe to Mind, differs in any essential respect from the attribute of permanence which we ascribe to Matter? and may not the explanation given of the origin of the one suffice to account for the origin of the other? And is the belief that the Mind exists, when it neither thinks nor feels, nor is conscious of its existence, any thing more than a belief in the permanent possibility of these states? What hinders us, then, from thinking of Mind, simply as the series of actually occurring sensations, with the addition of an indefinite possibility of feelings, under conditions which are always in existence and which may combine. To this statement, that Mind, the mind of any individual, is but a series of feelings, or thread of consciousness, woven by the laws of association, and infinitely drawn out by the Mind's expectation of new feelings occurring in some under-stated and constant conditions,—to this statement that Mind is not an entity of which we have immediate knowledge, it is no objection that, if true, it would blot other sentient creatures from existence, leaving each man a solitary Ego shut up in the loneliness of his interior sensations. May not their minds be series of feelings too? They have bodies intimately associated with feelings such as ours. They make a multitude of outward signs such as we know to be caused by feelings. The inference is necessary that they are individuals such as we are. The proof is as good under this theory as under any Realistic theory that may be entertained. The *argumentum baculinum*, the demonstration of the stick, is as futile in defence of the mental entity as of the material.

Why should not the existence of God be as susceptible of proof on this theory, as on any other? What is the Divine Mind to our thought, but the series of divine thoughts and feelings enduring through eternity? Arguments for the existence of God remain unaffected, even in their terms. From the relation which human works bear to human thoughts and feelings, men commonly infer that a corresponding rela-

tion exists between the vastly greater works of the universe and the thoughts and feelings of a Creative Mind. The psychologist does the same thing precisely. No man sees God. All men reason from mental states of their own to another's mental states. The world, as a permanent possibility of inducing sensations, is as full of order, constancy, design, harmony, beauty, as if it were a solid substance. The Mind, as a permanent capacity of experiencing sensations, is as competent to carry on logical processes as if it were a spiritual essence. The theory does not in the least affect the persuasions or the principles on which we act in practical life.

It is as easy to believe in immortality on this theory as on the commonly accepted one. Why not? May not the expectation, that states of feeling will continue to succeed each other, which is the basis of the idea of permanence, be prolonged indefinitely, and even eternally? The conditions must be imagined at any rate; but the laws of association make it not difficult to imagine them. And thus every argument for immortality, except the very poor one of the assumed imperishableness of a spiritual substance, remains in full force.

We are conscious, then, neither of Matter nor of Mind, as substances: we have no immediate knowledge of the essential constitution of either; nor have we good ground for supposing, that either has a being in and of itself apart from a certain series of phenomena. This seems like going pretty far; but it brings us only to the threshold of the inquiry. We must probe deeper than this if we would reach the heart of the transcendental theory. It is necessary to dispense entirely with the resort to intuitions. It is necessary to expel from the mind every vestige of the intuitional philosophy. No "innate ideas," or "necessary truths," or "original beliefs," or axioms existing independent of outward verification and antecedent to outward experience, can be admitted. But is not the truth that twice two make four such an axiom? Is not the persuasion that the same body cannot, at the same moment, be round and square, or white and black, such a belief? Is not the certainty that two straight lines cannot inclose a space, such

a necessary truth? Is not the notion that time and space are endless, an instance of such an innate idea? Mr. Mill boldly says, "No." These truths are all acquired truths; and it would not be very difficult to analyze the process by which they were acquired. An inseparable association compels us to accept two and two as equivalent to four. We have never met with an exception to the fact. It is presented to us at almost every moment of our lives. Whenever we count, we recognize it. It is before us in the sight of our four fingers. The four corners of a book, or any square object, print it on the retina. The observation of thousands of years has brought to light no one instance in which two and two made five. But, on the other hand, there is no difficulty in conceiving that an equally inseparable association *might* have made us think of two and two as equivalent to five. And does any one believe, that a teacher who should gravely tell a class of boys and girls that one and one made three, — two and two five, — three and three seven, — four and four nine, and so on, would be straight-way rebuked by the scholars for such an affront put upon them, and for such an insult offered to the necessary truths of the human mind? No one has ever seen a round square. It is the uniform experience of mankind, that the instant a thing begins to be round, it ceases to be square; and the instant it begins to be square, it ceases to be round. The one idea, in experience, excludes the other. But does it of necessity exclude the other in imagination? Would not a visit to Hermann or Heller make us sufficiently familiar with the phenomenon of two distinct sensations, as the product of one object, to concede that any two incompatible attributes might co-exist in the same body? As for the impossibility of conceiving that two parallel lines should enclose a space, it may easily, Mr. Mill thinks, be disposed of. Few persuasions are more obviously acquired, and few could, we imagine, be more easily overthrown. In fact, an intellectual effort is required to hold the idea. "A world in which every object was round, with the single exception of a straight, inaccessible railway, would be a world in which every one would believe that two straight lines enclosed a space." A simple man, who had never heard

the proposition stated as an axiom, and had never observed the tendency of parallel lines, or thought particularly about them, might, very possibly, standing on a railway, and seeing the lines apparently converging in the distance behind and before, conclude that they met further on. Reid in fact admits, that, judging by the sense of sight alone, it would appear "that every right line, if produced, might at last return to itself," and that "any two right lines, being produced, would meet in two points." He even adds, that persons thus constituted would believe firmly, "that two and more bodies may exist in the same place."

In the cases adduced, the origin of the truism may be traced directly to the senses. The axioms are material; they cannot be detached from sensible objects, and we all know how the senses may be fooled. Let us come, then, to a problem of another order. We will take the sense of moral accountability, which is generally by philosophers affirmed to be "inborn," an ultimate fact of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton takes his stand on this as an impregnable ground, upon it plants the belief in moral freedom, and rears the edifice of Natural Religion. Is this notion and feeling of responsibility a primeval part of the human constitution? Mr. Mill doubts it. The feeling, he says, is acquired, and acquired by experience. For, in the last analysis, what is this sense of responsibility? Is it any thing more than an assurance, that, if one acts in this or that way, he will incur the risk of punishment? When we say, We hold ourselves accountable, do we not mean simply that we are willing to pay damages? But this idea of penalty, as attached to conduct, may be explained as the result of external experience. The feeling of liability to punishment may be a feeling of expectancy or of assurance that punishment will be inflicted by some power, human or divine. But to account for this feeling of expectancy or assurance, we need institute no search beyond the familiar education of life. Parents, pedagogues, play-mates, social custom, civil and criminal law, priests and preachers, have inculcated that belief, and have left the mark of it very visibly on our persons and our lot. It would be exceedingly

strange if the universal practice of punishment, from time immemorial, had not begotten the universal expectation of it, on every occasion of nonconformity with the ruling will, whether human or divine.

But how shall we explain the feeling, equally universal and equally instructive, that the penalty is deserved; that the punishment is just and ought to be inflicted? This, after all, is the main point. The moral problem hinges on this. But why, asks Mr. Mill, may not this too be explained in the same way? Why should not the constant and universal fact of punishment be sufficient to beget the persuasion that it is deserved? What multitudes of people are oppressed, even to agony, by the sense of guilt, where no guilt does, or can be supposed to, exist! The perpetual preaching of the doctrine of future retribution and the everlasting misery of all, save the very small number of the "elect," has made thousands of the sweetest and saintliest people imagine themselves to be totally depraved, and justly amenable to the consuming anger of God. The fatalism of the Turks and of a large portion of Christians takes away the whole logical ground of demerit, makes the sense of moral guilt utterly irrational; but it does not practically remove either the anticipation of punishment in the next life, or the conviction that the punishment will be deserved. The steady proclamation of doom compels the moral assent to it. Another fact equally remarkable lends its force to this illustration. The sense of moral demerit does not exist, where *the liability to punishment does not exist*, even where guilt has been atrocious in character and enormity. The oriental despot perpetrates crimes of gigantic proportions openly, in face of all the world; but, being actually accountable to no one who has power to make him suffer, he has no anticipation of punishment, and little, if any, consciousness of guilt. The member of a privileged caste, supposed to be heaven-appointed and favored, has no feeling of moral demerit in view of wrongs and inhumanities inflicted on members of the caste below him. Does the slaveholder feel that he deserves punishment for burning or whipping to death his slave? Is Jefferson Davis or Robert Lee, or any other leader

in the Southern Confederacy, at all pricked in conscience by the moral turpitude he displayed, the lying, stealing, perjuring, he committed, at the beginning of the war; or by the hideous barbarities with which he allowed it to be carried on? Not at all. Who was there to punish him? To whom had he ever owned himself accountable? The poor slave, who had been educated to expect fifty lashes if he failed to black his master's boots, no doubt had been drilled into the belief that he deserved the flogging. But the master, who had never been flogged for rape or murder, will not confess to a consciousness of feeling unworthy of heaven. And yet these same persons feel morally accountable to their peers, and will acknowledge themselves deserving of severe censure, if they have violated a rule of etiquette which the chivalry have established. The sense of accountability arises whenever one incurs the dislike, and forfeits the good-will and kindly offices, of those who can make him suffer for his conduct. We accordingly find that it is governed by no internal law, but varies in intensity and in direction with the social position and the personal relations of the individual or the class.

Sir William Hamilton makes moral freedom an inference from the fact of responsibility, which is attested by consciousness; the testimony of consciousness being far more direct on this last point than on the first. But, if the sense of moral responsibility is acquired, the belief in moral freedom, as a primary belief, falls to the ground. It is more usual to assert that man is conscious of moral freedom, and to make the sense of moral accountability follow from that as a logical inference. But Mr. Mill declares, and we think justly, that there is no such consciousness of moral freedom as has been claimed. No one can be conscious, before having decided, of a power to decide in one or in another way. "Consciousness tells me what I do or feel; but what I am *able* to do is not a matter of consciousness. Consciousness is not prophetic. We never know that we are able to do a thing, except from having done it or something equal or similar to it." But, in every decision, are we not conscious that we might have decided the other way? Yes: we are conscious that we might have decided the other

way, *if we had chosen to*; but we are not conscious that we could have *chosen otherwise*, while we decided as we did. We are not conscious that we might have *chosen* any thing, and *preferred* an opposite thing. "We are not conscious of being able to act in opposition to the strongest present desire or aversion."—"When we think of ourselves as having acted otherwise than we did, we always suppose a difference in the antecedents; we picture ourselves as having known something that we did not know, or not known something that we did know, which is a difference in the external motives; or as having desired something, or disliked something, more or less than we did, which is a difference in the internal motives." Thus consciousness no more testifies to moral freedom than experience does. Experience proves that men exercise volitions in obedience to the strongest motives. Consciousness bears witness to the fact that we are free to yield to the strongest motive, and that we are not at liberty to yield to the weakest. The motive that seems to impel us towards the greatest satisfaction always carries it over the motive that is loaded with the smallest.

But is not a doctrine like this fatal to human improvability? Not in the least, answers Mr. Mill. It is more conducive to human improvability than any other. That a man's will is at the mercy of the motive which promises the most satisfaction, or that menaces the most pain, instead of being discouraging to human virtue, is directly encouraging to it. If the will is supposed capable of acting in opposition to the motives that would naturally be the strongest, what hold can education, correction, discipline, have on it? We reward and punish people on the express ground, that their will is determined by interior or exterior sensations. By causing such sensations, motives are brought to bear. The theory of Freedom is inconsistent with the justice of inflicting penalties for ill conduct, not the theory of Necessity. Mr. Mill is a firm believer in the moral education of mankind, in the ability to train the will, to weaken and eradicate such desires or aversions as are likeliest to lead to evil, to cultivate and intensify such desires or aversions as are likeliest to lead to good. He

is a Causationist. He holds that not only conduct but character is, in a measure under control of will; that, by employment of the suitable means, character may be improved; that if our character, such as it is, compels us to do wrong, motives may justly be applied which will compel us to move in the opposite direction. We shall not apply the motives ourselves unless we can make the idea of improvement attractive, and can awaken a desire for it which shall overcome our repugnance to the means employed to bring it about. But if the idea of improvement can be made attractive, and the desire for it strong, no assumed power of acting in opposition to the strongest motive will stand in the way of our moral endeavor.

Mr. Mill is a Causationist. He is not a Necessarian, and he objects to the word Necessity as used in describing the opinions of those who disbelieve in the doctrine of moral freedom as popularly understood. He disbelieves in the fatalism which assumes that our actions do not depend on our desires or volitions; that an arbitrary power or an abstract destiny, or a mysterious force of compulsion, overrules feeling, wish, purpose, aspiration, thought, and compels us to act in a certain predestined way, in spite of our loves and hatreds, and our unavailing efforts to cultivate the one or to repress the other.

He disbelieves, too, in the theory which holds that the fundamental elements of character, being bequeathed to us by ancestry or forced on us by the circumstances of training and example before our consciousness was developed, must remain fixed and unalterable; so that — whatever apparent freedom of motion may appear on the surface of existence; though will determines conduct, and desire determines will, and influences of many kinds, partly from interior dispositions and partly from outward inducements, determine desire — the determining causes that work as permanent powers, are independent of all circumstance and influence, — are a fate in the constitution of the person, making hope and struggle alike impotent. Against this, which is perhaps the prevailing form of the doctrine of Necessity, Mr. Mill enters his protest.

What causes may be he knows not. He knows nothing of cause. Invariability of sequence he knows, but that is all. To the common doctrine of the intuitive school, that the internal consciousness of power, exerted by ourselves on outward objects in our voluntary actions, gives us the notion of cause, he replies with Hamilton, that "between the overt act of corporeal movement of which we are cognizant, and the internal act of mental determination of which we are also cognizant, there intervene a numerous series of intermediate agencies of which we know nothing; and, consequently, that we can have no consciousness of any causal connection between the extreme links of this chain, the volition to move and the limb moving." Sir William illustrates his point by the case of a paralytic, who, conscious of no inability of his limb to fulfil the determination of his volition, wills to move his arm. The muscles do not act in response to the volition; the arm hangs motionless. Experience, and experience alone, teaches him that the external movement does not in all cases follow the internal act. Is it not probable that the man in health learns that his limbs do obey the mandate of his will precisely as the paralytic learns that they do not; namely, by experience?

Mr. Mansel, acknowledging the validity of this reasoning, still contends that our immediate intuition of power is given us by the conscious ability of the mind to *produce its own volitions*, not to produce bodily movements through its volitions. I form my resolutions, and it is the feeling of competency to do so that gives me the sense of freedom and power. The law of causality is reduced at last to this, and here its seat is impregnable; for, on this point, experience testifies only in one way. To this, Mr. Mill makes reply by denying the alleged fact. He declares himself wholly ignorant of his possessing such a power. If it exists, he is unconscious of it. He can influence his volitions indirectly, by the employment of appropriate means; but directly he has no control over them. He can cause his volitions to be appealed to, stimulated, and moved; but move them immediately without the agency of conditions, he protests he cannot. No doubt,

he says, we naturally and necessarily form our first conception of all the agencies in the universe from the analogy of our human volitions. The obvious reason is, that nearly every thing which is interesting to us comes, in earliest infancy, either from our own voluntary motions, or from the voluntary motions of others. And, among the few sequences of phenomena which at that time fall within the scope of our perceptions, scarcely any others afford us the spectacle of an apparently absolute commencement; of one thing setting others in motion, without being in motion itself. But in all this we have evidence of nothing more than experience informs us of; and it informs us merely of immediate invariable and unconditional sequence. True again it is, he admits, that the idea of *effort*, as if to overcome an obstacle, always enters into our notion of power, and is always associated with our conception of will. But whence is this idea of effort derived, if not from the actual resistance which our volitions encounter, either from the outward world, or from parts of the muscular organization? The idea of *effort* is essentially a notion derived from the action of our muscles, or from that combined with affections of our brain and nerves. Every voluntary action is attended by the muscular sensation of resistance; and experiencing this, as we do, whenever we voluntarily move an object, we, by a mere act of natural generalization, the result of unconscious association, on beholding the same object moved by the wind, for example, conceive the wind as overcoming the same obstacle, and as putting forth the same effort, that we do. The result of the mind's volition and of the wind's movement is the same, and it is long before the antecedents of the result come to be distinguished. Something like a common cause is naturally supposed and imagined. "An abstract entity" is conjured up, and thrust between the antecedent and the consequent, to explain the latter. This abstract entity, this purely subjective notion, this product of generalization and abstraction, acting on the real feelings of muscular or nervous effort, is Power.

This "abstract metaphysical entity," Mill repudiates en-

tirely. He knows nothing of force, of will, of causing energy; he knows nothing, therefore, of compulsion of law, of destiny, of fate. Invariable sequence he knows; but that is a very different thing from necessity. Invariable sequence is entirely consistent with infinite possibilities of sensation; and infinite possibilities of sensation imply possibilities of movement, change, growth, improvement, renewal. Man in every part becomes pliant and movable. The very elements of character are subject to modification, as sensations become more complicated, and new orders arise in the conditions of life. Mr. Mill, therefore, believes in institutions, in teaching and preaching, in rewards and penalties, in social reforms, in political revolution, in all practicable agencies for improving the condition of mankind.

Such, hastily and scantily indicated in a few of its main points, is the system entertained by Mr. Mill and his school of thinkers. It is a system that gives sign of great influence in the future. It is attractive from its simplicity, but more than all, from its realism. It draws the attention away from abstractions to facts; it encourages the cultivation of the senses, and the faculties of observation; it links the logical processes to experimental truths, and associates pure speculation with knowledge.

It is not time yet to submit the system to judicial trial, for its case has hardly been presented. These volumes give us a few masterly studies on some points of detail, and some bold sketches of leading features in the theory. Mr. Bain's celebrated work, "The Senses and the Intellect," gives very large and important contributions to the same general scheme of philosophy. Herbert Spencer, more ambitious and audacious, in a book written in the interest of the same general order of speculation, "The Principles of Psychology," undertakes to indicate the process by which the most rudimental, muscular motions, manifested in the lowest form of organized life, become developed through the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations, into instinct, intelligence, memory, reason, feelings, and will. Mill and Spencer would disagree no doubt on many points, and on many import-

ant points. But we regard the general drift of their speculation as being the same.

We wish, before closing our review, to say a very few words about the religious aspect of the psychological theory. The theory, on the face of it, does not pretend to deal with actual religious beliefs, or with accepted theological ideas: it merely bears on the origin of those as well as of all other ideas. It certainly affects existing beliefs, and affects them seriously, as is evident from the terrible earnestness with which Mill assails Mansel's position, that no inference can be drawn from the moral qualities of man to the moral qualities of God. The passage is so noble and grand, so suggestive, moreover, of the religious bearings of the theory, that we cannot forbear quoting a portion of it.

"If, instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving does not sanction them, — convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms, that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do: he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

This is magnificent on the negative side. Mr. Mill will believe in nothing that does not correspond with facts of experience. But does he find any thing that does so correspond? Does he claim to have any hold on the supersensual? He certainly does; for he believes in all the valid results of "experience," understood in his large sense: he accepts the intellectual, moral, and spiritual deposits of time and life, when carefully analyzed and discriminated. We have already seen that he admits the validity, on his principles, of the argu-

ment from design. His theory allows as firm a basis as any for belief in the immortality of the soul. The distinction between good and evil he holds as clearly and rigorously as any orthodox Christian; and the justifiableness of rewards and punishments he not only admits, but contends for. The incidental beliefs that are affected by literary criticism, beliefs affecting the character of the Bible, the trustworthiness of the evangelical history,—the person and career of Jesus, the foundation of the Church, the elements of Christianity, the origin of the Church dogma,—beliefs which seek their authentication outside of philosophy,—are of course put wholly out of the account. The fundamental beliefs of mankind he may consistently entertain; of “the Absolute,” and “the Infinite,” he professes no knowledge whatever; he has no conception of them. But it is easy enough to conceive of a Being who is infinite,—that is, unbounded,—in power or wisdom; and he knows well what he means when he talks of a Being who is absolute in wisdom and goodness: that is, who knows every thing, and at all times intends what is best for every sentient creature. If the conception is inadequate, that is simply because the mind is ignorant of all the details which make up the character of such a Being. The notion of the Being is no less positive and palpable for being incomplete. He limits himself to the psychological fact. But this fact may include every essential religious belief.

Nay, more, Mr. Mill may not only claim his full title to entertain the primary beliefs of mankind, in their simple and natural form as deposits of human experience,—results of human experiment, so to speak: he may claim to have furnished a ground and guarantee for them, such as no other system has supplied.

The old “Sensationalist” Philosophy, which referred all the mental processes to sensation, and found the origin of all ideas in impressions on the senses, laid itself open to the most terrible assault on the religious side, and incurred the bitterest odium from religious men. The system was in itself exceeding crude and narrow, to be sure: its notion of “sensation” was, at the best, very imperfect; it had no knowledge of the com-

plexities of the universe; it had no science, no physiology, no organic chemistry, no biology, no sociology; so that it was really incapable of exhibiting its case with any fulness. But, when it came to religion, it discarded all it knew, disowned its small modicum of fact, disavowed its very principle, and substituted, for impressions on the sensitive organization, *a bit of record in a printed book*. All ideas and beliefs have their origin in sensation: very good. But then, instead of appealing to sensation in a grand way, as Mr. Mill does, it accomplished the hideous *non-sequitur* of appealing to the miracle narratives of the New Testament. All fundamental religious ideas — God and immortality, chief of all — are authenticated by experiment in life? No: by certain texts in Matthew! A system that could be guilty of such blatant foolishness ought to be, as Rufus Choate would say, “ejaculated out of the window,” with condign scorn. The nonsense passed current, so long as the critics slumbered and slept. But presently they woke, turned over the pages of the New Testament, vented certain rationalistic opinions, questioned the genuineness of the Gospels, doubted the received accounts of miracles, and excited sensations which were unfavorable to belief. The whole edifice of faith came tumbling down, or rather would have done so had it really rested on those paper foundations. It did come down, in fact, on the heads of those who fancied that it did so rest. The sensational philosophy stood chargeable with a vast amount of infidelity.

At this juncture, the Transcendental Philosophy came to the rescue of religious credence. The fundamental beliefs of religion, it said, rest on the basis of human consciousness. Man is conscious of the absolute and infinite: he has an immediate perception of moral and spiritual entities: he has an organ which enables him to see facts in the spiritual order as distinctly as the eye perceives facts in the material order. No evidence is needed to establish the existence of God. The nature of man is so constituted, that his existence, under some form, cannot be doubted. Men may disbelieve the record of the New Testament, may discard every record of miracle, may hold the great central miracle of the resurrection to be

incredible. Man's soul will always give him assurance of immortality. The Sermon on the Mount may be apocryphal, the character of Jesus a fiction, the gospel narrative a romance; nevertheless the human conscience will recognize the authority of the golden rule, and the human will confess its allegiance to the holiest. The primeval facts of consciousness being indestructible, the faith which is grounded on those facts must be indestructible also. Before the soul's essential faith can be eradicated, the soul itself must be turned to ashes. By this bold position, the Transcendental Philosophy delivered spiritual truth from the dilemma into which it had been put, and saved the faith of thousands of people. The debt of humanity to Cousin and Kant and Schleiermacher, and the other masters of that school, cannot be overestimated. The memory of Theodore Parker, the popular and powerful expositor of the same system in America, is cherished fondly by vast numbers of men and women speaking the English tongue, as the memory of one who was their saviour from the abyss of utter unbelief.

Now it looks as if the Transcendental Philosophy too were destined to pass away. Sir William Hamilton's critique of Cousin was powerful, and was felt to be formidable. But the assault of Sir William Hamilton was feeble as compared with the onset of a man like John Stuart Mill. We must concede the possible necessity of yielding the ground to such an opponent. No champion on the other side can claim to be his peer. What then? Is religious faith again imperilled by being put at the mercy of "sensation"? Must we tremble for the spiritual beliefs of mankind, because their origin is traceable, at last, to impressions on the muscular and nervous organization of mankind? Not so; for "sensation" now is so interpreted as to include an infinite number of impressions, infinite in variety, by which the very organization of man has been wrought into its present shape and educated to its present sensibility,—the natural, spontaneous, instinctive beliefs of the mind; the beliefs which the mind recognizes as being its own. When the results of false teachings, the deposits of error, misjudgment, fallacy, and illusion, have been swept away,

the faiths which cannot be got rid of, and which must be regarded as the final products of human thinking, feeling, suffering, and doing, will be found to repose on pillars as strong as human nature itself. Given not by inspiration from above, but by transpiration from below and behind; not dropped into the minds of a chosen few, but passed through the minds of all, though by a few only clearly perceived and interpreted; not implanted but inwrought, and manifest in the very texture of well-organized humanity, — they are safe from fatal denial or disabling doubt. What these ultimate beliefs will finally be allowed to be, by thinkers like Mill and Bain and Spencer, can of course only be conjectured. We venture the prediction, however, that they will be all that humanity requires for its strength and its consolation.

ART. II. — PALGRAVE'S ARABIA.

Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia (1862-1863). By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. With Portrait and Map. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

THE author of these volumes enables us, for the first time, to know Arabia as it is; the Arabia of the genuine Arab, in marked contrast with the Arab of the outskirts of the land. One of our most recent Encyclopædias tells us, that Arabia has for its seventh district "Nejed the central desert region;" and of the whole region through which our traveller passed, the same authority knows only "a vast tract of shifting sands, interspersed about the centre with various ranges of hills, generally barren and uninteresting." Mr. Palgrave has corrected all this, and reconstructed the map of Arabia. Of sands, indeed, there can be no doubt; but within them are locked islands of singular fruitfulness and interest. An empire is planted in Nejéd, with 316 towns, and a population of some 1,200,000. Across a vast river of sand to the north-

west of Nejed is an outlying kingdom, with a population of 274,000, in 86 towns or villages. The empire is that of the Wahhabee monarch Feysul; the kingdom is that of Telal-ebu-Rasheed. No Bedouins are included in this enumeration. The Wahhabee Sultan holds in subjection 76,500 of these degraded Arabs of the desert, a much diminished element of central Arabia. King Telal holds in his firm sway 166,000. These are the careful estimates of Mr. Palgrave.

The account given by our author of the Bedouins, their garb, character, worship, &c., is full of interest. We have gleaned a number of passages which we place before the reader in full as of much greater value than any sketch we could frame. It is thus he describes the appearance of the Bedouin:—

“A long and very dirty shirt, reaching nearly to the ankles, a black cotton handkerchief over the head, fastened on by a twist of camel's hair, a tattered cloak, striped white and brown, a leather girdle, much the worse for wear, from which dangled a rusty knife, a long-barrelled and cumbrous matchlock, a yet longer sharp-pointed spear, a powder-belt, broken and coarsely patched up with thread, —such was the accoutrement of these worthies, and such, indeed, is the ordinary Bedouin guise on a journey.” pp. 4, 5.

Next, the Bedouin's beast:—

“The camel—in a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impress him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to be exactly wild. One passion alone he possesses, namely, revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example; while, in carrying it out, he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united meanwhile with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. . . . Indeed, so marked is this unamiable propensity, that some philosophers, doubtless of Prof. Gorres's school, have ascribed the revengeful character of the Arabs to the great share which the flesh and milk of the camel have in their sustenance, and which are supposed to communicate to those who partake of them over-largely the moral or immoral qualities of the animal to which they belonged. . . . Thus much I

can say, that the camel and his Bedouin master do afford so many and such obvious points of resemblance, that I did not think an Arab of Shomer far in the wrong when I once of a time heard him say, 'God created the Bedouin for the camel, and the camel for the Bedouin.'" pp. 40, 41.

We copy the following picture of the Bedouin worship and faith:—

"The sun rose; and then, for the first time, I witnessed what afterwards became a daily spectacle, the main act of Bedouin worship in their own land. Hardly had the first clear rays struck level across the horizon, than our nomade companions, facing the rising disk, began to recite alternately, but without any previous ablution or even dismounting from their beasts, certain formulas of adoration and invocation, nor desisted till the entire orb rode clear above the desert edge. Sun-worshippers as they were before the days of Mahomet, they still remain such; and all that the Hejāz prophet could say, or the doctors of his law repeat, touching the Devil's horns between which the great day-star rises, as true Mahometans know or ought to know, and the consequently diabolical character of worship at such a time, and in a posture, too, which directs prayers and adorations then made exactly towards the Satanic head-gear, has been entirely thrown away on these obstinate adherents to ancient customs. The fact is, that, among the great mass of the nomade population, Mahometanism, during the course of twelve whole centuries, has made little or no impression either for good or ill: that it was equally ineffectual in this quarter at the period of its very first establishment, we learn from the Coran itself, and from early tradition of an authentic character. Not that the Bedouins on their part had any particular aversion from their inspired countryman or the Divine Unity, but simply because they were themselves, as they still are, incapable of receiving or retaining any of those serious influences and definite forms of thought and practice which then gave a permanent mould to the townsmen of Hejāz and many other provinces; just as the impress of a seal is lost in water, while retained in wax. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,' is an imprecation which, if meant originally for Reuben, has descended in all its plenitude on the Bedouins of Arabia. At the same time, surrounded by, and often more or less dependent on, sincere and even bigoted followers of Islam, they have occasionally deemed it prudent to assume a kindred name and bearing, and

thus to style themselves Mahometans for the time being, and even go through some prayer or religious formula, when indeed they can manage to learn any." pp. 8, 9.

Setting out from Southern Palestine, and crossing the gravelly desert in a south-easterly direction, Mr. Palgrave first reached the Djowf, an outlying dependency of the kingdom of Telal. We cannot better indicate the general course and progress of the remarkable journey thus entered upon than by quoting the following; premising that Wadi Serhan is occupied by Bedouins:—

"If my readers will draw a diagonal line across the map of Arabia from north-west to south-east, following the direction of my actual journey through that country, and then distinguish the several regions of the peninsula by belts of color brightening while they represent the respective degrees of advancement in arts, commerce, and their kindred acquirements, they will have for the darkest line that nearest to the north, or Wadi Serhān; while the Djowf, Djebel Shomer, Nejed, Hasa, and their dependencies, grow lighter in succession more and more, till the belt corresponding to 'Oman should show the cheerfullest tint of all. In fact, it is principally owing to the circumstance that the Northern and Western parts of Arabia have been hitherto those almost exclusively visited by travellers, that the idea of Arab barbarism or Bedouinism has found such general acceptance in Europe." pp. 166, 167.

The Djowf is a kind of porch or vestibule to central Arabia. The Northern desert separates it from Syria. Between it and the nearest mountains of the central Arabian plateau stretches a wide pass of sand. Thus isolated, it forms an oasis, a large oval depression sixty or seventy miles long, by ten or twelve broad. It has twelve towns or villages and 40,000 inhabitants. Its rich gardens, its real civilization, and the hospitality of its genuine Arabs, were a surprise and a delight to the traveller from Syria and the desert. But we must let Mr. Palgrave speak:—

"Here, for the first time in our southward course, we found the date-palm a main object of cultivation. The apricot and the peach, the fig-tree and the vine, abound; and their fruit surpasses, in copi-

ousness and flavor, that supplied by the gardens of Damascus or the hills of Syria and Palestine. Corn, leguminous plants, gourds, melons, &c., &c., are widely cultivated. Here, too, for the last time, the traveller bound for the interior, sees the irrigation indispensable to all growth and tillage in this droughty climate kept up by running streams of clear water, whereas in the Nejed and its neighborhood it has to be laboriously procured from wells and cisterns. . . . Were we to place the general standard of the Djowf thermometer in the shade at noon during the months of June, July, and August at about 90° or 95° Fahr., we should not, I think, be far wrong for this valley. At night the air is, with very few exceptions, cool, at least comparatively, so that a variation of twenty or more degrees often occurs within a very short period." pp. 58, 59.

"Among all their different kinds of produce, one only is considered as a regular article of sale and export, — the date. . . . It is almost incredible how large a part the date plays in Arab sustenance; it is the bread of the land, the staff of life, and the staple of commerce. Mahomet, who owed his wonderful success at least as much to his intense nationality as to any other cause whether natural or supernatural, is said to have addressed his followers on the subject in these words: 'Honor the date-tree, for she is your mother;' a slight extension of the fifth commandment, though hardly, perhaps, exceeding the legislative powers of a prophet." p. 60.

From the Djowf Mr. Palgrave advanced to the chief district of Telal's kingdom, Djebel Shomer. To do this, he had to cross a wide inlet of the desert, no longer gravelly, but deep sand formed into waves more lofty and more fearful than those of the sea, though more stable. This formation occurs throughout the desert, the sand-billows taking a height proportioned to the depth of the sea of sand. Our author had the truly infernal pleasure of breasting, in midsummer, waves two hundred feet high. The trough of this sea was naturally a pit of fire. But in and out, in and out, through perilous nights and days, was necessary to reach the great plateau on which Arabia is no longer Bedouin and savage, but Arab and civilized. The passage of this fearful Nefood was accomplished in safety, and Mr. Palgrave presented himself at the court of Telal in the city of Ha'yel. It is impossible in any sketch to convey an adequate idea of the picture of life at

Ha'yel which the vivid though sober narrative of our author presents. Hospitably received by the king and his ministers, provided with a residence and furnished with abundant opportunities for medical practice, Mr. Palgrave had no difficulty in prosecuting his studies. It should be mentioned that our adventurous traveller both assumed, and with great success maintained, the character of a doctor. He had resided for some time in Syria, and could readily pass as from Damascus. A Syrian attendant was the companion of his journey. To an English University education of the highest rank, Mr. Palgrave had added many years of acquaintance with oriental life in India, Syria, and elsewhere, with a knowledge of both the language and the literature of Arabia almost perfect. He was able to play the Arab with the address and intelligence of the finest European culture. Throughout his residence in Arabia a great part of his time was spent in conversation with Arab gentlemen and scholars whom he could daily meet in the K'hawahs, or reception and coffee rooms, of distinguished Arab acquaintances, by whom his society was sought. Here were discussed the history, the condition, the poets, of Arabia, and whatever other matters came within the range of Arab culture.

In King Telal our traveller found an able monarch and a generous friend. His acuteness penetrated the Syrian doctor's aims to such an extent that Mr. Palgrave finally concluded to fully explain his real character and motives; and this confidence was not misplaced. By the enlightened sympathy of Zamil, the prime minister, and of Telal, the objects of a European exploration were greatly aided, and in spite of the fact that a bigoted Wahhabee-party at court, headed by the king's uncle, Obeyd the Wolf, would gladly have made short work with the doubtful Syrian doctor and his companion. It should be said here, that Wahhabeeism is a fierce revival of Islam, forced upon Nejed particularly, and to some extent upon all Central and Eastern Arabia, by the sword of the Wahhabee Empire of Feysul. It insists on prayers, on harems, on abstinence from tobacco and wine, and on war as the faith may need, but on nothing else. Its rep-

representative in Telal's kingdom is The Wolf Obeyd, a blood-guzzling old war-dog, who glories in slaughter, in orthodoxy, and in a full harem. A corresponding character at the court of Feysul was found by Mr. Palgrave in Abd-Allah, the eldest son of Feysul, while the second son of the old Wahhabee proved the most liberal, sunny-tempered, and delightful gentleman in the kingdom, — a perfect hero of romance, dashing, brilliant, and brave, — the most complete contrast to his elder brother. Now to Abd-Allah, The Wolf gave our traveller a letter of introduction, which he opened, upon good advice, and read. It was a sly epistle, meant for a death-warrant. We shall see how Abd-Allah's clutches were barely escaped when we reach Riad, the capital of Nejed. We must now call attention to some of Mr. Palgrave's valuable notes upon Arab life and culture, as they were made during his stay at Ha'yel, the chief city of Djebel Shomer. But we must not fail to say, explicitly, that the chief ministers of Telal, with Telal himself, are liberals in religion, just such as they would have been in Boston or Paris. They conform somewhat in the matter of prayers, because the kingdom is not quite independent of the Wahhebee Empire, — the sovereignty of Djebel Shomer having been assigned to Telal's father by the Wahhabee, — but they do this with none of the bigotry or vices of Obeyd and Abd-Allah.

“In Upper Nejid, religion has a real import, being interwoven into every fibre of the national, nay, almost of the individual, frame; and hence such details have there a peculiar value, not, perhaps, exactly on their own account, but in the way of illustration and of completing the principal view. On the contrary, in Ha'yel and Djebel Shomer, the Mahometan prayers and usages are rather polite ceremonies adopted out of courtesy to their neighbors, than an intimate expression of national belief and thought. Hence their practice is almost exclusively confined to the great official mosque of the capital, and a few similar localities. It is more an expedient than a faith, and an act of prudence rather than of conviction, and because such offers little worthy of remark except its hollowness. The real state of mind touching religious matters is, throughout this region, uncertainty and fluctuation; there is much of Paganism, something

of Islamism, a lingering shade of Christianity, and great impatience of any code or dogma." pp. 179, 180.

In this connection, the following account of the true people of Arabia will be found interesting:—

"Take the Wahhabees, that is, those who are really such, and the Bedouins together, they will not exceed one-fourth of the denizens of Arabia. The remaining three-fourths consist of townsmen and peasants spread throughout the land, enthusiastic partisans of their local chiefs and rulers, and true lovers of Arab freedom,—patriots, in short, but alike hostile to Bedouin marauders and to Wahhabee coercion. They cling to a national glory and patriotic memories of a date much older than the recent honors of Ebn-Sa'ood, and rivalling or surpassing in antiquity those of Koreysh itself. Love of order and commerce renders them also the enemies of nomadic anarchy. Lastly, they far outweigh their antagonists collectively, in numbers, no less than in national importance; and to them alone, if to any, are reserved the destinies of Arabia. Mahomet, a master mind, saw this in his time; and it was exactly by enlisting this part of the Arab commonwealth and these feelings in his cause, that he secured his ascendancy over the whole peninsula. The Coran and contemporary tradition give no other clue to his able line of conduct, and to the prodigious success that justified it. Had he stopped here, he would have been the first and greatest benefactor of his native country. But the prophet marred what the statesman had begun, and the deadening fatalism of his religious system, that narcotic of the human mind, stopped for ever the very progress to which he had himself half opened the way by his momentary fusion of Arabia into a common nation with a common aim. Again, the Judaical narrowness and ceremonial interferences of his law soon fretted the impatient and expansive mind of his countrymen into that almost universal revolt which accompanied rather than followed the news of his death. The revolt was indeed repressed for a moment, but soon re-appeared, nor ceased until the final and lasting disintegration of the Arab Empire in Arabia." pp. 193, 194.

Evidently the power of Islam in Arabia is by no means as firm as Europe has supposed. In fact, Mr. Palgrave says:—

"In no part of the world is there more of secret division, aversion, misbelief (taking Mahometanism for our standard), and unbe-

lief, than in those very lands which to a superficial survey seem absolutely identified in the one common creed of the Coran and its author." p. 10.

Having occasion to speak of Arab singing and services, Mr. Palgrave touches upon two or three points which add not a little to the completeness of his picture of the Arab as he is. He mentions, in another connection, that the Arab is usually a master of self-possession, and addresses you in his fine voice with great courtesy, though he may wish you damned all the while:—

"If the Arab voice be not adapted, and it most certainly is not, to singing, it is admirably well qualified for all the tones of public speaking, reading aloud, and the entire range of conversation and eloquence. Clear and sonorous, it is a powerful, though not a sweet-toned, instrument; and those who possess it know well how to put it to its best. Besides, it has here a remarkable advantage, elsewhere denied it; namely, that of being united with the fullest and completest pronunciation of a language which is one of the most copious, if not the most copious, in the universe. . . . The question is sometimes asked, 'Is the Arabic of the Coran and of the golden age of Arabian literature in general yet a spoken language, or was it ever really so?' The answer is affirmative: it certainly was a spoken language, for it is yet so in the districts above mentioned; nor only spoken, but popular, vulgar even, at least in the etymological sense of that word. But the choicest display of Arab elocution is in the public recital of the Coran, and in this the Wahhabees bear away the palm. Religious enthusiasm and scrupulosity worthy of a Jewish rabbi at a Saturday reading of the Pentateuch, gives force to every consonant, depth to every vowel, and precision to every accent and inflexion, till the bearer, even though an 'infidel' at heart, ceases to wonder at the influence exercised by these singular rehearsals over the Arab believer. For whatever merit the Coran can claim lies wholly and merely in its remarkable eloquence and extreme purity of diction: good sense there is little, and reasoning is not to be expected. Hence a translation, however skilful, is simply intolerable; and few, I should think, have found their way through Sale's Coran from beginning to end. But the very repetitions, monotonous formulæ, and abrupt transitions, which drive an English or a French reader to despair, add in the original Arabic to the force and rythmical emphasis of the text, and are felt accordingly by its Eastern auditors." p. 311.

The journey to Riad, the Wahhabee capital, led Mr. Palgrave by a continually ascending road to the highest plateau of central Arabia. Here he found himself at once an object of extreme suspicion. Feysul, the old Sultan, not only hated with a deadly hatred the thought of European spies, but he stood in mortal terror of the Persian fanatics who pass through his territory on the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Wahhabees not only disapprove of tombs, pilgrimages, and the like, but their government unmercifully bleeds the pilgrims who are compelled to pass that way to Mecca. The father of Feysul fell by the dagger of a Persian assassin while attending prayers in the great mosque. Now, along with Mr. Palgrave there had come up to Riad a Persian nabob, to represent the grievances of a caravan of pilgrims, and to demand justice from the monarch. Feysul, with his superstitions, his fears, and his consciousness of unmitigated rascality, found the situation distressing in the extreme, and took refuge in one of his country gardens. Mr. Palgrave had been fortunate enough to secure as guide a gentleman who enjoyed the confidence of the Wahhabee government, and held under it the office of pilgrim caravan conductor, Aboo-Eysa by name, a character of great interest. By his aid Mr. Palgrave got himself established, and was soon in the full tide of successful medical practice.

Mahboob, the young negro Prime Minister, was one of his first patients, and became his warm friend. Mahboob is of the party of Feysul's second son, Sa'ood, the more liberal party. He is supposed to be the son of Feysul and a beautiful slave. Abd-Allah, the elder prince of the royal house, affected to patronize Mr. Palgrave; he even went so far as to offer him a fine house and a wife, and to request his permanent residence at Riad. The request was meant for a command, Abd-Allah's intention being to defeat in that way any plan the Syrian doctor might have to spy out the land. One service in particular Abd-Allah required of his physician,—a supply of strychnine, a drug new to the Arabs, and successfully employed by Mr. Palgrave in a case which came under Abd-Allah's observation. Mr. Palgrave was convinced that

Abd-Allah's purpose was to get rid of his younger brother, Sa'ood, by poison; and he persistently refused Abd-Allah's requisition, as well as declined his offer of an establishment near the court.

It was a desperate struggle, and conducted on Mr. Palgrave's part with infinite address, secretly aided to the utmost by Aboo-Eysa. The end was this. Mr. Palgrave was waited on by negro-slaves, one dark night, with a summons to attend at the palace of Abd-Allah. He considered, and went. A considerable company was present in the Khawah of Abd-Allah; but coffee was not served as usual. Instead, Mr. Palgrave was charged by Abd-Allah with playing the spy, and was threatened with instant death. Mr. Palgrave denied the charge and braved the threat. He told the Prince that he could not and dared not murder him. Abd-Allah ordered a servant to bring coffee; and one cup was brought in, contrary to all custom. Abd-Allah motioned to pass it to Mr. Palgrave, who poured it off at a draught, bade the servant fill his cup again, and drank that also. Abd-Allah was cowed, and showed it. The company began a conversation which indicated their belief that the doctor was no spy, and he was allowed to depart. But the danger was imminent. No time was lost in escaping to a retreat in the country, where Aboo-Eysa joined Mr. Palgrave and his companions, and conducted them on their journey from Nejed across a wide arm of the sand-ocean to Hasa, on the Persian Gulf; where the governor, a negro and friend of Mahboob, received them with great cordiality.

Of life at Riad we cannot pretend to give much account in this paper. The Zelators, a body of ecclesiastical lynch-law judges, whose business it is to drive people to prayers, and to otherwise watch over orthodoxy of life and manners, form an institution peculiar to the Wahhabee revival of Islam. The drift of Mahometan orthodoxy is thus stated by Mr. Palgrave, with an illustration of its tone:—

“Purgatory for Mahometans; hell for all else. . . . ‘God guides aright whom he chooses, and leads into error whom he chooses.’ . . . However, they very commonly imagine the Mahometan religion almost universal throughout the world, while other creeds are sup-

posed to number in comparison but very few followers. Europe, for instance, they know to be Christian; but then they conceive it to be but one town, neither more nor less, within whose mural circuit its seven kings—for that is the precise number, count them how you please—are shut up in a species of royal cage, to deliberate on mutual peace or war, alliance or treaty, though always by permission and under the orders of the Sultan of Constantinople." Vol. ii. p. 8.

"Abd-el-Lateef was the orator that day, and his theme the obligation of strict orthodoxy, and the danger of modern innovations. To confirm his thesis, he recounted a celebrated tradition, wherein Mahomet is reported to have given his companions the consolatory news, that, 'as the Jewish body had been divided into seventy-one different sects, and the Christian into seventy-two, even so his own co-religionists would separate into seventy-three sects, while of these numerous ramifications seventy-two were destined to hell-fire, and one only to Paradise.' . . . They eagerly demanded the signs of that happy sect to which is ensured the exclusive possession of Paradise. 'It is those who shall be in all conformable to myself and to my companions.'—'And that, by the mercy of God, are we, the people of Riad,' added Abd-el-Lateef. One deep '*Ashedū un la Ilāh illa Allāh*' went through the mosque; and every forefinger was raised to attest that undivided, all-devouring unity which ensures the salvation of true believers, while it justifies the damnation of the incredulous and the polytheist." Vol. ii. pp. 22, 23.

If we ask for the moral result of this complacent orthodoxy, the answer is as follows:—

"Of morality, justice and judgment, mercy and truth, purity of heart and tongue, and all that makes man better, I never heard one syllable during a month and a half of sermon frequentation in this pious capital. But of prayers, of war against unbelievers, of the rivers of Paradise, of houris and bowers, of hell, devils, and chains, also of the laws of divorce, and of the complicated marital obligations of polygamy, plenty and to spare. Nor should I omit a very frequent topic, the sinfulness of tobacco; ay, and that confirmed by visible and appalling judgments, curiously resembling those which a spirit less Christian than Judaical introduces occasionally into European books of edification. . . . Profligacy of all kinds, even such as language refuses to name, is riper here than in Damascus and Seyda themselves; and the comparative decency of most other Arab towns sets

off the blackness of Riad in stronger and stranger contrast." Vol. ii. pp. 23, 24.

Toward the close of Mr. Palgrave's second volume occurs a passage which will explain further in this connection the prohibitions of Mahometanism, and Mr. Palgrave's view of the motives of the "Meccan camel-driver:"—

"As to the prohibition of wine, — the strongest arguments would lead us to assign it, with considerable probability, to the Prophet's antipathy to Christianity, and to a desire to broaden the line of demarcation between his followers and those of Christ. . . . Hence also the profound aversion to all imagery or painting, so essential to the oriental idea of Christianity. . . . Hence his anathema on bells, because this signal of prayer was universal among the rival sect. . . . Hence, too, Mahomet's barbarous detestation of music, which he classed among the worst devices of the Devil to lead mankind astray. . . . Hence, also, his disapproval of prayers offered up between sunrise and the two or three hours that follow it, and also of adorations addressed to the Divinity between the afternoon and sunset, because those are the very times in which oriental Christians assemble to the daily worship of mass and vespers. . . . Hence, too, his discouragement of commerce, hinted in the Coran, and more clearly set forth by tradition; and, above all, his extreme dislike to ships and seafaring displayed in the authentic but most un-English words of the Hejazee camel-driver, 'He who twice embarks on sea is a very infidel.' . . . In a word, to set his religion and his followers in diametrical opposition to Christianity and Christians was a main feature of Mahomet's plan, and in this he fully succeeded; nor have a thousand years and more brought nigher by one hair's breadth sects whose very badge denotes the 'strong antipathy' of contradictory terms." pp. 428–430.

If now the reader wishes to gain an accurate knowledge of the modern revival of the faith of Mahomet, we can commend to him, as of great interest and value, the extracts with which we close our article. Beyond Nejed Mr. Palgrave's journey was less instructive, though still interesting in the extreme. His shipwreck in the Persian Gulf, followed by severe illness, put a period to his explorations, and occasioned his hasty return to Syria by the way of the Tigris. Upon his return

to Europe, he re-united himself at Berlin with the English Church. He was a member of the Society of Jesus when he undertook his journey through Arabia, but has not found the connection, it seems, agreeable to his conscience of religious truth. Quite recently, we are informed, he has returned to the banks of the Tigris, to watch the fortunes of Arabia, to hear news of Telal, of Prince Sa'ood, and of the many friends he left on the green isles of the desert, the highlands of central Arabia.

Of the Wahhabees this is the story:—

“Mohammed-ebn-'Abd-el-Wahhāb, founder of the sect named after him Wahhabees, was born in Horeymelah, somewhat before the middle of the last century. . . . Commerce led him to Damascus, where he fell in with some of the learned and very bigoted sheykhs of that town, Hanbeles like himself, or Shāfi'ees, but alike opposed, whether to the prevailing laxities of the Nakshbundeas and other northern free-thinkers, or to the superstitious practices of Darweeshes, Fakeers, Welees, and whatever else Persian or Turkish ideas have introduced almost everywhere in the East. The son of 'Abd-el-Wahhab was above thirty years of age, and in the full vigor of his physical and intellectual existence, a vigor much above the average standard. To the persevering doggedness and patient courage of his Nejdean countrymen, he added a power of abstraction and generalization rare among them; his eye was observant, and his ear attentive; he had already seen much and reflected deeply. But the lessons of the Damascene sheykhs aided him to combine once for all, and to render precise, notions that he had long before, it seems, entertained in a floating and unsystematized condition. He now learned to distinguish clearly between the essential elements of Islam and its accidental or recent admixtures, and at last found himself in possession of what had been the primal view and starting point of the Prophet and his first companions in Hejāz twelve ages before. . . . To him is the praise, if praise it be, of having discovered amid the ruins of the Islamitic pile its neglected key-stone, and, harder still, of having dared to form the project to replace it, and with it and by it reconstruct the broken fabric.

“This key-stone, this master thought, this parent idea, of which all the rest is but the necessary and inevitable deduction, is contained in the phrase, far oftener repeated than understood, ‘La Ilāh illa

Allāh,' 'there is no god but God,' — a literal translation, but much too narrow for the Arab formula, and quite inadequate to render its true force in an Arab mouth or mind. . . . The words, in Arabia and among Arabs, imply that this one Supreme Being is also the only Agent, the only Force, the only Act existing throughout the universe, and leave to all beings else, matter or spirit, instinct or intelligence, physical or moral, nothing but pure unconditional passiveness, alike in movement or in quiescence, in action or in capacity. The sole power, the sole motor, movement, energy, and deed, is God; the rest is downright inertia and mere instrumentality, from the highest archangel down to the simplest atom of creation. Hence, in this one sentence, 'La Ilāh illa Allāh,' is summed up a system which, for want of a better name, I may be permitted to call the Pantheism of Force or of Act, thus exclusively assigned to God, Who absorbs it all, exercises it all, and to Whom alone it can be ascribed, whether for preserving or for destroying, for relative evil or for equally relative good. I say 'relative,' because it is clear that in such a theology no place is left for absolute good or evil, reason or extravagance; all is abridged in the autocratical will of the one great Agent, 'Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas;' or, more significantly still, in Arabic, 'Kemā yesha'o,' — 'as he wills it,' to quote the constantly recurring expression of the Coran.

"Thus immeasurably and eternally exalted above, and dissimilar from, all creatures, which lie levelled before Him on one common plane of instrumentality and inertness, God is one in the totality of omnipotent and omnipresent action, which acknowledges no rule, standard, or limit, save His own sole and absolute will. He communicates nothing to His creatures, for their seeming power and act ever remain His alone, and in return He receives nothing from them; for whatever they may be, that they are in Him, by Him, and from Him only. And, secondly, no superiority, no distinction, no pre-eminence, can be lawfully claimed by one creature over its fellow, in the utter equalization of their unexceptional servitude and abasement; all are alike tools of the one solitary Force which employs them to crush or to benefit, to truth or to error, to honor or to shame, to happiness or to misery, quite independently of their individual fitness, deserts, or advantage, and simply because He wills it and as He wills it.

"One might, at first sight, think that this tremendous Autocrat, this uncontrolled and unsympathizing Power, would be far above any thing like passions, desires, or inclinations. Yet such is not the

case ; for He has, with respect to His creatures, one main feeling and source of action, namely, jealousy of them, lest they should perchance attribute to themselves something of what is His alone, and thus encroach on his all-engrossing kingdom. Hence He is ever more prone to punish than to reward, to inflict pain than to bestow pleasure, to ruin than to build. It is His singular satisfaction to let created beings continually feel that they are nothing else than His slaves, His tools, and contemptible tools also, that thus they may the better acknowledge His superiority, and know His power to be above their power, His cunning above their cunning, His will above their will, His pride above their pride ; or, rather, that there is no power, cunning, will, or pride, save His own. But He Himself, sterile in His inaccessible height, neither loving nor enjoying aught save His own and self-measured decree, without son, companion, or counsellor, is no less barren for Himself than for His creatures, and His own barrenness and lone egoism in Himself is the cause and rule of His indifferent and unregarding despotism around. The first note is the key of the whole tune, and the primal idea of God runs through and modifies the whole system and creed that centres in Him.

“Islam is, in its essence, stationary, and was framed thus to remain. Sterile like its God, lifeless like its first Principle and supreme Original in all that constitutes true life, — for life is love, participation, and progress, and of these the Coranic Deity has none, — it justly repudiates all change, all advance, all development. To borrow the forcible words of Lord Houghton, the ‘written book’ is there ‘the dead man’s hand,’ stiff and motionless : whatever savors of vitality is by that alone convicted of heresy and defection. . . . Islam is lifeless, and because lifeless cannot grow, cannot advance, cannot change, and was never intended so to do ; stand-still is its motto and its most essential condition ; and therefore the son of ‘Abd-el-Wahhāb, in doing his best to bring it back to its primal simplicity, and making its goal of its starting-point, was so far in the right, and showed himself well acquainted with the nature and first principles of his religion.”

For the story of the religious revolution which followed, and for many details illustrating Arabian history and life, which we had marked for extraction, we must refer the reader to the volumes from which we have already so freely quoted, and which we regard as among the most curious and important of recent contributions to our knowledge of the outlying regions of religious belief and practice.

ART. III.—DR. NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA.

Apologia pro Vitâ suâ. Being a Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865.

IF, in re-publishing this book, the Messrs. Appleton had ventured to leave out that part of it which is filled with the details of Dr. Newman's controversy with Mr. Kingsley, perhaps the author would have been displeased, but his book would have been vastly bettered by the deed. Not that we blame the Doctor for his evident intention not to leave one stone of Mr. Kingsley's argument upon another; not that we can help admiring him for doing what he does in such a thorough-going and remorseless way; not but that the details of this controversy give us two very interesting chapters and a very sharp appendix, although the interest is of such a sort as generally attaches to a foot-race or regatta, and the sharpness smacks too strongly of contempt for us to greatly relish it; but because we think it quite too bad that any thing so reverent and tender and so beautiful as is this Apology should be introduced and ended with matter, in the main but little relevant, and surely not harmonious. We say, but little relevant, because, if this book is to be read and re-read, to live and be admired, it will not be for any controversial matter it contains, but for the singularly bold and graphic picture which it gives us of a life in almost every way remarkable; and those parts of it which deal with Mr. Kingsley, and his charges against Dr. Newman and his Church, contribute nothing toward the fuller understanding of that life which is not revealed in the Apology itself in a far better way. Certainly, we shall not reverence Dr. Newman any more because they have been written, although we may admire him for his legal skill; because, if they prove any thing but this, it is that Dr. Newman can be very angry when sufficiently provoked. But of this too we have an inkling in the body of the work. It

may be that the Doctor's vigorous onslaught upon Kingsley will delight a larger audience than the almost rhythmic march of his own story; but it will be an audience of a very different sort, and, when it is all asleep or dead, as it will be very soon, the generation of men who would like to read this history of a great man's theological experience should not be obliged to enter it through such an endless propylæum, or leave it through such heaps of lumber and débris.

We must confess that we are glad, that Mr. Kingsley's charges, at least so much of them as was entirely personal, have been successfully rebutted. We hope that we have listened candidly to the evidence upon both sides. At first thought, it would seem a great deal harder to do so now than it would have been five or six years ago; for then we loved Charles Kingsley, and thanked God every day for his "Hypatia" and "Saints' Tragedy." How generously he clasped hands with the Reformers of the time in "Alton Locke"! and, in "Two Years ago," how good it was for those of us who fought with our pet demon on this side of the world to hear his "Sursum Corda"! "Yea, to the Lord we have lifted them up," and he has filled them full of wonder and thanksgiving. But Kingsley is not with us any more; and it would be only natural if we heard of his discomfiture more calmly now than if it had been then. But, at second thought, is it not plain that we can judge between him and his antagonist more fairly now than ever, because our wholesome dislike of him will scarcely more than balance our natural distrust of any thing that comes from Dr. Newman's side of the house? Between a Roman Catholic and an English rebel-sympathizer an American Protestant ought to judge impartially; and, when we say that we are glad that Mr. Kingsley's charges did not take effect, it is not because Mr. Kingsley made them, but because we should hate to believe that Dr. Newman is so radically dishonest as in his dealings with America his opponent has proved himself to be.

But, when Dr. Newman agrees to be responsible for the whole method of that church into which he has at length drifted, he assumes a burden much too heavy even for him to

bear; and, though we cannot follow Mr. Kingsley in the form, and perhaps not in the spirit, of his first attack on Catholic veracity, it must be granted that his innuendoes pointed to a fact which Dr. Newman's logic cannot dissipate. But for the Society of Jesus, Roman-Catholicism would have been dead and buried more than a century ago. *Now*, it "may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." So Lord Macaulay prophesied. And, should it happen so, it will be through the agency of that society which grew out of the fiery heart of Loyola. Jesuitism has been the soul of the Church, and the soul of Jesuitism has been "the Economy."* Dr. Newman may prove that it is possible for his Saint Alphonzo Liguori to write a book of casuistry which even he cannot accept (although, for saying so, he hopes he shall not lose his intercession), and still be very saintly in his private life, always acting from his conscience, and never from his rules; but "corporations have no souls," and so it does not follow that the theory of Jesuitism did not affect its practice. Individuals may put to shame the moral formulas which they accept; but a church is never better than its creed, a corporation never better than the formula which it accepts. Jesuitism accepted "the Economy" as its guide, substituting it for the active conscience of the individual man. And though it would be mad and foolish not to grant that there have been and are disciples of this school than whose fragrant piety the world knows nothing sweeter, yet to say "Jesuitism" has always been to say chicanery, equivocation, sophistry. This was the substance of Mr. Kingsley's charge; for the sins of Jesuitism are the sins of the Roman Church. This Dr. Newman has not answered.

* Dr. Newman uses this word to express the casuistic principle in operation. It does not consist in "doing evil that good may come." Oh, no! but in doing just the next thing to it, — in stretching the truth until the difference between it and a lie is not appreciable. See the Doctor's instances. No wonder that he thinks the method dangerous.

He has demolished the form of Mr. Kingsley's accusation; but its essence still remains.

Beginning at part third, we have a history of Dr. Newman's religious opinions from his earliest years up to the time when he found completest rest and satisfaction in the Roman Church. And there are several points of view from which it is intensely interesting. Regarded merely as a work of art, it is as beautiful as the immortal *Meditations and Confessions*,—as *Antonine's* and *Augustine's*. We do not know of any book written with more grace and fluency, any that contains touches more rarely delicate or passages of more incisive wit and power. One does not care to rise from pages such as this, where, speaking of the dangers of the Church in 1831, he says:—

“With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that Primeval Mystery to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognized the movement of my Spiritual Mother. ‘*Incessu patuit Dea.*’ The self-conquest of her ascetics, the patience of her martyrs, the irresistible determination of her bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, ‘Look on this picture, and on that;’ I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that, if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ. She was nothing unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second Reformation.”—p. 80.

But, for all the beauty of the forms in which this writer casts his feelings and his thoughts, it must not be supposed that he has given to us a great or universal book. It is a most valuable and entertaining contribution to the history of

that movement which should have borne his name, not that of Dr. Pusey. But its account of Dr. Newman's personal life, its loves and hates, perplexities and trials, will keep much longer. For, in a little while, the man, and the movement also, will have had their day. Now a dead man still interests if he was once alive; but a dead movement is of no account. Again, this book is welcome as a sort of commentary upon the Pope's recent letter to his churches, which by itself seemed very weak and very impudent. But here is reasoning to the same effect. Why, then, is not the book remarkable enough to make a lasting fame? Because its faults are fundamental; because its subject-matter is not great. It deals with words, rather than with things. It is the "*History of my Religious Opinions*." Dr. Newman's brother wrote a book, and called it "*Phases of Faith*." It was what it claimed to be: it dealt with the essential matters of the soul. The Doctor's *faith* seems to have been always pretty much the same. He never doubted much of any thing that is worth believing. His theory was that probability is the guide of life. And he was greatly troubled at the thought that other men would have to pray, "O God! if there be a God, save my soul if I have a soul." But, for himself, he believed in God because he could not help it. His trouble was with questions of antiquity, sacraments, and apostolical succession. His book is hardly up to the title which he gives it. It is not so much the history of his religious as of his ecclesiastical opinions. And this is why it is not great. The wonder is that a great man could have written it, beautiful as it is. But, if Dr. Newman was a little man, the great men are but few.

It is evident, from this volume, that the Tractarian movement was Dr. Newman's own affair; not that it contains one boastful word; but for this reason, that, although the attempt is made to credit it to other men, to Keble, Pusey, Hurrell, Froude, it singularly fails. Dr. Pusey was not fairly connected with the movement until 1835 or 1836. His influence, so Dr. Newman says, was felt at once. He saw that there must be more of order and sobriety, that the movement must be conducted in a more responsible way. In short, his word

was "Organize." And Dr. Newman, beating about to find a reason why he came to be the centre of the movement, pitches upon this. But he never was its vital centre; for, in another chapter of his book, the writer tells us that Organization was the disease of which the movement died. Its days of irresponsibility were its days of power. It was Dr. Pusey's position that made him seem to be its centre. In so far as it was born of the spirit, John Keble was its father. But the coarse materialism of the day would have trodden its life out in a jiffy, if Dr. Newman had not always carried it in his strong arms. As long ago as 1826, Whately could see around him the signs of an incipient party of which he was himself unconscious.

The one thing which Dr. Newman always took for granted was the Church. He also took for granted that liberalism in whatever form must be its enemy. Therefore he hated it. He thought that Anglicanism sometimes led into it if one went far enough. He wanted to walk parallel to it and to the Roman Church for ever, and to keep clear of both. Hence the "*Via Media*;" the middle way between Romanism, which he tried to hate, and Liberalism, which he hated without trying. It was a defensive movement. He felt the need of it more strongly every day. In 1831, he wrote as we have quoted him above. In 1832, he went away and travelled on the continent; but the thought of the coming battle between Reason and the Church still haunted him.

"England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thought against the Liberals." — p. 81.

"It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly: I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers: I would not even look at the tricolor." p. 82.

"At this time, I was specially annoyed with Dr. Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one, I think, asked, in conversation at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian. It was answered that Dr. Arnold took it; I interposed, But is *he* a Christian?" — p. 82.

It was at Rome, too, that he and Froude began to write the *Lyra Apostolica*. Bunsen lent them a Homer, and they chose for a motto the words of Achilles when he returned to the battle, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again." He began to think that he had a mission. Cardinal Wiseman expresses a wish that he would come again to Rome; and he replied, "I have a work to do in England." He was very sick in Sicily, and his servant thought that he would die; but he said, "I shall not die, I shall not die: I have not sinned against the light, I have not sinned against the light." He sat down on his bed one morning sobbing bitterly, and, when asked what ailed him, he could only say, "I have a work to do in England." On the way home, he wrote the best of all his verses, those beginning—

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

On the Sunday after his return, Keble preached a sermon on the national apostasy, and the Tractarian movement was begun.

The motto of the *Lyra Apostolica* was made good: Dr. Newman was "back again." The Church began at once to "know the difference." For helpers he had Keble and Froude, Messrs. Perceval and Palmer, and Mr. Hugh Rose, to whom he dedicated a volume of his sermons, speaking of him as the man "who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true mother." "Froude was a bold rider, as on horseback, so also in his speculations." Dr. Newman's portrait of him is wonderfully painted. We have him represented as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an ecclesiastical system and of sacerdotal power. He gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He was a Roman Catholic in every thing but name. He died in 1836. If he had lived,

he must very soon have gone to Rome, which would have hastened Dr. Newman's movement in the same direction. He adored the blessed Virgin; delighted in the Saints; thought that the miracles of the middle ages were as good as any; accepted the principle of penance and mortification; had an utter hatred of Erastianism, of any union between Church and State; firmly believed in the Real Presence in the Eucharist. His influence upon Newman must have been very great. He estimates it thus:—

“He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.”—p. 74.

But the reminiscences of Keble are still more interesting. Dr. Newman's reverence for him is very beautiful, and it was well deserved; for everybody seems to have admired and loved this man, he was so pure in heart, so gentle and refined in all his acts and ways. It was Froude's doings that he and Newman came together. It is one of the sayings preserved in his “Remains,”—“Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.”

It is Dr. Newman's fashion to make an inventory of the opinions which he gets from various persons. He tickets them as confidently as if he bought them at a shop. Thus it was Dr. Hawkins who used to snub him severely, and who taught him to weigh his words, and to be cautious in his statements. From him he got the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and the idea that, “before many years, an attack would be made on the books and canon of Scripture.” From him also he got the doctrine of Tradition, “the proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it; and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church.”

"And now, as to Dr. Whately, I owe him a great deal. He was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and, to use the common phrase, 'all his geese were swans.' While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think, and to use my reason." — p. 62.

"What he did for me, in point of religious opinion, was, first, to teach me the existence of the Church, as a substantive body or corporation; next, to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement." — p. 63.

From Keble he obtained — what Butler had already taught him, in a less decided form — the "Sacramental system," *i.e.*, "Berkleyism," in its application to Church forms and mysteries and the law of probability. As Butler left this matter, the stumbling-block with Dr. Newman was, "But who can really pray to a being of whose existence he is seriously in doubt?"

"I considered that Mr. Keble met this difficulty by ascribing the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine, not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it. In matters of religion, he seemed to say, it is not merely probability which makes us intellectually certain, but probability as it is put to account by faith and love." — p. 69.

Such were the principles, and such the men, with which the Church of England entered on that *Via Media* which, to so many of her children, has proved a *Via Dolorosa*, leading them away from her into the embrace of Rome. There must be fundamental dogmas; there must be a visible Church, with sacraments and rites, with Bishops, standing in the place of God, with power to order penance, and to enforce it. These dogmas were the dogmas of the Prayer-Book; this Church, the Church of England. Liberalism was, in its very nature, anti-dogmatic. Therefore it must be crushed. And the Romish Church claimed to be *the* Church by virtue of its antiquity, by virtue of its apostolic line, by virtue of its

sanctity. Now, the Church was necessarily one. If it was Roman, then it was not Anglican. Therefore the Romish Church must be opposed.

Into this twofold battle Dr. Newman plunged himself, with all the noble ardor that he could command. He toiled like Hercules. He began the Tracts out of his own head, and saw to it that they were circulated far and wide. He travelled everywhere, talking with curates and with rectors, urging them to go to work and do the duty nearest to them in this matter. He wrote epistles numberless to young men, to women, to the newspapers, to the magazines. He had come back from the continent, brimful of joyous energy. He was full of confidence in his position, absolutely certain that the English Church might be the sole channel of invisible grace, if she would only be true to herself, *i.e.*, to her history and Prayer-book, as he read them. He exulted in his confidence; and there was a sort of fierceness in his exultation, something savage in his energy. In one of his first sermons after his return, he said, "I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction, that it would be a gain to the country, were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be." The corrector of the press bore these strong epithets till he got to "more fierce," and then he put in the margin a *query*. He said of the Bishops, that there could not be a more blessed termination of their course than the spoiling of their goods, and martyrdom. Contrasting heretics and heresiarchs, he said, "The latter should meet with no mercy." Earnestness of this sort is contagious, no matter if its subject-matter is not great. Especially, the young men at Oxford took fire, and then those young men in the Churches who were so much dissatisfied with the general deadness of the Church that they clutched eagerly at any thing that promised better things. The movement grew and prospered. Its leader's presence was magnetic and electrical. Enthusiasts flocked to his standard. He looked at men, and they trembled. He spoke to them, and they bowed. His tracts, his letters, and his fame were everywhere. "From

beginnings so small, from elements of thought so fortuitous, with prospects so unpromising, the Anglo-Catholic party became a power in the National Church, and an object of alarm to her rulers and friends." It had a system, a literature, a sacramental order, of its own. And then came the crash. Dr. Newman wrote "Tract 90," and it was condemned. It was a commentary on the Articles. They had been regarded as the sea-wall against Rome. Dr. Newman proved that they were no such thing. He showed, or thought he did, that they were not opposed to "Catholic Doctrine," but only to the dominant errors of Rome. The distinction was not relished. It was received with indignation. A demand was made for the suppression of the tract. It was not granted. But Dr. Newman wrote to his Bishop, and gave up his place in the movement. And, with his loss, the movement ceased to be a power. It lost its vigor and its buoyancy; its firm, elastic step; and, since, it has gone tottering.

But it was in the very nature of this movement to grow feeble, and die. How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born? It was an article of Tractarian faith that such a thing was possible. Here was no advance, but a re-action; an attempt to foist the thought and life of mediæval times upon the genius of the nineteenth century. The wonder is, that it succeeded even for a little time. But it ought not to be, if we have stopped to think of England and the English Church as they were in 1831. The life of any time is pachydermatous. But, if you probe deep enough, you will find the quick. The Church of England had as many barks as any tree that ever grew in park or forest; and, when the Tractarians said, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? and out of it we will make bits of the true cross and rosaries," it did not mind them till they went clear down beneath its moss-grown forms and usages, into its real life. But then it was discovered that —

"There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms;
Their arms were shattered to the shoulder-blade."

In the external life of England, there were many points of attachment for Dr. Newman's notion of a primitive and apostolic Church. Just in proportion as the National Church had any real vitality, it more than passively endured: it actively embraced the principles which he proclaimed. And, if the living England of to-day had only held its peace, there might have been on English soil a formalism which Rome itself might not eclipse; a faith as childish and unreasonable as ever Catherine of Siena cherished in her breast. And this would have been easier than not. Dr. Newman was not wrong in thinking that any form of life must flourish just in proportion as it is true to itself, whether it be God's life or the devil's. To imagine that the English Church, as such, will thrive upon its present principle, that its creeds and articles mean any thing you please, is not to be wise. Dr. Newman saw that it would thrive only as its sons agreed to be one thing or another."

"They cannot go on for ever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their feet tied, or grazing, like Tityrus's stags, in the air. They will take one view or another; but it will be a consistent view. It may be Liberalism, or Erastianism, or Popery, or Catholicity; but it will be real." — p. 145.

Now, the English Church was born of Schism, not of Heresy. Its break with Rome was neither sacramental nor dogmatic: it was political. And so, when Dr. Newman went back far enough, he found that Anglican and Catholic teaching were the same. To be true to herself, then, the Church of England must also be true to Rome. But when it came to this, the nation was not ready. It would choose Liberalism rather than Rome, if it had to choose between them. But for the Church of England to do this, was for her to sink, if it was sinking, into "a merely national institution." Her proper life was that of the first and middle ages. But that was the life of Romanism also; and so, though it might come hard, she chose to live the life of Englishmen. It has proved harder even than she deemed, — a great deal harder than it would be if she generously offered, instead of grudgingly conceded, herself to the great present. She is still "standing

on one leg," — trying "to be and not to be" at the same time. It will not do. Better have gone to Rome. But that she could not; for the spirit of the age stood up, and thwarted her. And now that spirit waits to join her in eternal wedlock with itself. Will she rise, and follow where it beckons her? Would to Heaven that she might! Then, instead of being without parent or child, she should have God for her father, and, Nature for her mother; Science and Art for her dear children.

From the beginning of the movement, there had been fierce and frequent condemnation of its Roman tendency. And, now that Dr. Newman is a Catholic, there are those who think that he was always one, and not unconsciously. It is contended that he knew just where his feet were going, and that still he did not warn the simple souls who followed after him. But to read these pages, is to be convinced that Dr. Newman did not know that he was going to Rome. Before the thing was fairly started, everybody opened their eyes, and stared at him as if he ought to know that he was teaching nothing but sheer Popery. But he answered them, "True, we seem to be making straight for it; but, go on awhile, and you will come to a deep chasm across the path, which makes real approximation impossible." It would appear that he could not have been more sure of his position than he was before the summer months of 1839. And not only did he have full confidence in his own, but he despised every other system and its arguments; and when, as late as 1841, people came to him, frightened almost out of their wits by his "Tract 90," and told him that he might as well go over to the Pope at once, he could not agree with them. And, when the tract had been condemned, and charged against, and consequently his withdrawal from the movement had taken place, he still remained inactive. His enemies cried out upon him, and his friends were filled with sorrow and perplexity. He wished and prayed that he might help them, but he could not even help himself. One of his followers, a lady of great wit and earnestness, has given a humorous account of the perplexities with which his action

troubled her own mind. She describes herself as following him over a bleak common, and coming nearer every minute to "the king's highway," against which they were being always warned. Suddenly he stopped, and vowed that he would go no farther.

"He did not, however, take the leap at once; but sat down on the top of the fence, with his feet hanging towards the road, as if he meant to take his time, and let himself down easily."

But he did not propose to jump at any thing. He desired to walk with logical exactness over every inch of the way. He did not wish to go to Rome. He was bound that he would not, if he could help it. He loved the *Via Media*. It was his only child; and, when he first suspected that it might be untenable, he felt as one might feel to see the death-damp gather on the forehead of his eldest-born. But this suspicion, horrible as it was, did not imply a corresponding one that he might go to Rome.

And yet he did, although not speedily. What everybody else was seeing, it was strange he did not see. But it was as if God blinded him, so that he might go right on, regardless of the consequences. The Church, the Nation, the Movement, also had seen them, and recoiled. Better, they said, that we should be illogical, than go to Rome. But Dr. Newman said, that, let come what come would, he would be logical; and he was so, and that is why he is a Roman Catholic to-day.

Dr. Newman's picture of himself, retreating inch by inch from the position which he had assumed so confidently, is sad in the extreme. But it proves, beyond a cavil, the one thing for the sake of proving which the book was written, viz., his honesty; and it was, moreover, the best sort of honesty. He was perfectly honest with himself. He had accepted certain premises; and he resolved not to hold back from the conclusion, whatever it might be. Ease and friendship and ambition had their voices for him, not less than for those who listened to them and then said, "We can go with you no further." He might have obeyed them. His will

was strong enough to draw a line that his intellect should not pass over. But then what would it profit him, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? He began to doubt the *Via Media* in 1839; he entered into communion with Rome in October, 1845.

It was the history of the Monophysites that gave him his first blow. The Notes of a true Church, as he calls them, were Antiquity, Apostolicity, Universality. His great stronghold was Antiquity; and here, in the middle of the fifth century, he saw the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries reflected. He saw his face in the mirror, and he was a Monophysite. The Church of the *Via Media* was in the position of the Eastern Churches then. Rome was where she is now. The Protestants were the Eutychians.

“What was the use of continuing the controversy or defending my position, if, after all, I was forging arguments for Arius or Eutyches, and turning devil’s advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo? Be my soul with the saints, and shall I lift up my hand against them? Sooner may my right hand forget her cunning, and wither outright, as his who once stretched it out against a prophet of God! Anathema to a whole tribe of Cranmers, Ridleys, Latimers, and Jewels! perish the names of Bramhall, Usher, Taylor, Stillingfleet, and Barrow from the face of the earth, ere I should do aught but fall at their feet in love and in worship, whose image was continually before my eyes, and whose musical words were ever in my ears and on my tongue!” — p. 156.

But, as if this blow were not enough to stagger him, another followed hard upon it. An article on “The Anglican Claim” appeared in the “Dublin Review.” It was a parallel between the Donatists and Anglicans. Dr. Newman did not think it very strong. But it contained this sentence of St. Augustine’s with reference to the Church: *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. It decided questions on a simpler rule than that of Antiquity.

“What a light was hereby thrown upon every controversy in the Church! not that, for the moment, the multitude may not falter in their judgment,—not that, in the Arian hurricane, Sees more than can be numbered did not bend before its fury, and fall off from St.

Athanasius, — not that the crowd of Oriental Bishops did not need to be sustained, during the contest, by the voice and the eye of St. Leo; but that the deliberate judgment, in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces, is an infallible prescription, and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede." — p. 157.

"Who can account," he says, "for the impressions that are made upon him?" These words of the Great Saint, himself Antiquity's great oracle, deciding thus against himself; for the *consensus* of the Church came to him with all the force of the child's "Tolle, lege; tolle, lege," which Augustine himself heard in the garden, and started as when Adam heard the voice of God. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. "By those great words of the ancient Father, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized."

Those who contend that Dr. Newman's gradual secession from the English Church was not a logical *catena*, but "a string of moods," think that in this case alone is proof enough of their position.* Here is no logic, they affirm, but mere feeling. And it was this which guided him through all his course. But better than logic, and far more convincing, are its illustrations. "Mere paper logic" Dr. Newman tells us that he did not like. But here was the logic of events. He listened to Antiquity, and it bade him listen to the Church. His logic told him that there must be a visible Church set up in the world. It also told him that to apostatize from that Church was the shortest way of being damned. And who should judge of his apostasy? *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, said Augustine. It was self-evident. Could the fallible judge of the infallible? — a man's own "private judgment" tell him whether he was in the Church or out of it? If so, then why not be a Protestant? But this his premises would not admit. And then Dr. Newman looked in his Euty-chian mirror, and saw himself again; and saw that he was an apostate, a Monophysite. No wonder that his soul was stirred.

But he waited for still further confirmation. The affair of

* Quarterly Review, October, 1864.

"Tract 90" was in the spring of 1841. The way in which it was received was any thing but promising. But then it was not actually suppressed; and in this there was some consolation. The experiences of 1839 still haunted him; but then he was busying himself with getting up another theory. It was that Sanctity might furnish an excuse for the existence of the English Church, though she could not prove herself to be possessed of other Notes that had been deemed necessary. In the summer of this year, he sat down to his translation of St. Athanasius. He had got but a little way, when the trouble of 1839 returned on him. The ghost had come a second time. In the Arian history, he found the very same phenomenon, in a far bolder shape, which he had found in the Monophysite. He discovered that the pure Arians were the Protestants, the Semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was what it was. But still he thought that Anglicanism had the Note of life, "not any sort of life, not such as can come of Nature, but a supernatural Christian life which could only come directly from above." He felt that this was next door to pure Protestantism; that it was equivalent to saying that there was no visible Church. But it was the best that he could do. He was not quite certain that the English Church was wrong, and he was any thing but certain that the Roman Church was right. But he must have some reason for being where he was.

He was not obliged to stay there very long. In the fall of 1841, there were two occurrences that settled his affair, at least so far as it concerned the Anglicans. The first of these was that the Bishops charged upon him. This they did formally. They condemned the principles which underlaid the Tracts. For them to do this was to avow that "they did not even aspire to Catholicity." It was to say that heresy was not so very bad or dangerous. Immediately afterward, they added, "No; nor schism either." The affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric amounted to this. Here was a Church inviting Lutherans and Calvinists to its wedding-feast, and telling them to never mind about the wedding-garment. It put Dr. Newman in communion with a crowd of heretics and

schismatics. It was more than he could stand. Looking back, a short time after, on these acts, he wrote : —

“Many a man might have held an abstract theory about the Catholic Church, to which it was difficult to adjust the Anglican, — might have admitted a suspicion, or even painful doubts, about the latter, — yet never have been impelled onwards, had our rulers preserved the quiescence of former years ; but it is the corroboration of a present, living, and energetic heterodoxy which realizes and makes them practical.” — p. 185.

But one thing remained to do, and that was to convince himself that the Rome of the fifth century was that of the nineteenth. He could find no flaw in it so far as its Apostolicity was concerned. The sacred “imposition” had descended in an unbroken line. The hands of Leo were upon the head of Pius IX. It but remained to test her Catholicity. In the spring of 1843, he made a formal retraction of all that he had ever said against her. In the autumn of that year, he resigned his living at St. Mary's. Meanwhile, he rested in “Samaria :” *i. e.*, although he had resolved that Anglicanism was not the Church of the Apostles, he thought that she might be subject to extraordinary grace ; just as the Samaritans, notwithstanding their schism, and worse than schism, were still recognized as a people by the Divine Mercy. God had sent his holy prophets to reclaim them, without intimating that they must make over to Jerusalem. Might not Anglicanism be reclaimed without making over to Rome ? This was his notion of “Samaria.”

He lived in it two or three years. But it was a dreadful sort of life. The Bishops kept on charging at him, every day more furiously. After his resignation of St. Mary's, he went down to Littlemore to die in peace. But he was not allowed the privilege. All sorts of lies were told about him ; he was in league with Rome, — he was starting a monastery. Everybody took it for granted that he would be a Catholic, sooner or later ; and the majority kept whispering or shouting, “Why does he stay ?” “Why don't he go over ?” But, as he tells us, great events take time ; and going over was for him a great event. But when he discovered that Rome was

not less Catholic than Apostolic; that she held no dogma now that might not have been developed from the dogmas of the Primitive Church,—then he passed through Samaria, and went up to Jerusalem.

“LITTLEMORE, Oct. 8th, 1845. — I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. . . . He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ.” — p. 261.

And now, in closing up this article, we are in duty bound to say, that no man who believes in an authority other than that which God enthrones in every human breast, has any right to find one word of fault with Dr. Newman's course and final action in this matter. If there is any such authority, then is Dr. Newman nearer right than any who imagine that they have it, though still outside the Roman-Catholic communion. His premises were exactly those which are accepted by the whole of Christendom, unless, as some believe, Christendom is large enough to take in Theists and Transcendentalists: the conclusion which he draws from them is unavoidable. If, as he took for granted, man is so constituted that he never can attain to any knowledge of the truth, and yet cannot be saved in any other way than by a knowledge of the truth, then there must be an authority of some sort set up in the world. As much as this the Protestant believes. Breaking with Rome, he did not give up his notion of authority, nor of infallibility. But he vested them in the Bible, whereas they had been vested in the Church. But Dr. Newman saw that, if the Bible was intended to teach dogmatically, it was not equal to the purpose for which it was designed. He saw no reason why, in course of time, as things were going, there should not be as many sects as there are chapters in both Testaments. The Bible, then, must be interpreted. He found, so far as Anglicanism was concerned, that this had been done in the Prayer-book, in the creeds and articles. But there came a time when his own Bishop said that these might mean something or nothing. And then he knew that there must be a living voice of God, empowered to teach the truth infallibly, and to

interpret alike the Bible and the creeds. And thus, deliberately and logically, he went to Rome.

And, so far as logic is concerned, there is no reason why the whole of Christendom should not arise at once and follow him. Of all that curse the human reason in these days, or say that it is cursed, none are so brave, so thorough-going, so consistent, as was he. But even he, with all his intellectual rigidity, with logical acumen such as is not given to ten men in a century, would not perhaps have gone to Rome, if he had not been taunted, scourged, and vilified; if his steps had not been dogged; if men's heated brains had not gone on for ever forging lies. Not that these things carried him there; but they helped to neutralize the forces which would perhaps have kept him in his place but for this counteraction. Not the least beautiful portion of this record is that which proves how dearly Dr. Newman loved his friends. It must have been as terrible as death to part with them. Then, too, he was the recognized leader of the greatest movement that his Church had known for many a day. And he delighted in the exercise of power. It could not have been an easy thing for him to sink at once into the merest nobody. And then there were so many looking to him for help. Alas! if they should think that he had cheated them! In view of all these things, not one man in a thousand would have gone to Rome; no, not though they had been hounded on even more furiously than he.

And, since it was so hard for him to go where logic manifestly led the way, we shall not be surprised if the great body of the Christian world prefer to be illogical, and to stay just where they are. It is the whole man that reasons, and logic is so small a part of us that it is not very often that it has its way. But the rationale of the matter is not changed. It is still true, that, between the premises that we have named and the conclusion in which Dr. Newman now reposes, we cannot logically pause. But is there no alternative if we do not care either to go to Rome, or to convict ourselves of cowardice by deserting, at the last moment, the stately ship in which we have embarked? Yes, one and but one. It is to set our

faces just the other way; to walk with Francis Newman, rather than with John, forward into the realm of freedom, not backward into that of clanking chains. We can go behind the premises which all the world accept, and see if they are worth accepting. Let it be proved, if possible, that man has undergone some "terrible original calamity,"* by which he has been robbed of his ability to know the truth, and to commune with God. Or let it be shown that these are facts inherent in the human constitution. And then let it be proved that man is only to be saved by truth rolled up into a dogma, and swallowed down as if it were a pill. These are the camels of theology; and, when a man has swallowed them, there is no need of straining out the gnats of miracle and superstition that still remain in the flagon. The Roman Catholic does not care to do this; but Protestants, who pretend to use their reason, are very careful of their intellectual œsophagus. But, to him that believes in miracles, a thousand, more or less, should make no difference. It is absurd to draw a line between the power of St. Paul's body† to work miracles, and that of St. Walburga's bones; to believe in one, and not believe in the other. Nothing is difficult if you can prove the fundamental mysteries of human incapacity and salvation through acceptance of a creed.

But these pretended facts have not a shadow of foundation. The human soul is capable of loving all things beautiful, of doing all things good, of finding out enough of God's own truth to answer all its glorious purposes. So much of intellectual certainty as is needed for our tasks, we can purchase by the modest use of our own powers. There is no need of any oracle outside of the breast. It is there that we must listen for the only words that are infallible. And those there spoken are not infallible for other men, but only for ourselves. And for ourselves to-day, but not to-morrow. Should any ask, "But is this Christianity?" we should answer, "No, if by Christianity you mean the current faith of Christendom. Yes, if you mean the faith which Jesus cherished, and in which he lived and died."

* *Apologia*, p. 268.† *Acts* xix. 12.

ART. IV.—PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE
NEW WORLD.

Pioneers of France in the New World. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life, &c. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE written history of North America begins where Henry the VII., "the English Solomon," wrote in his privy-purse account-book, "To him that found the new isle, ten pounds." This was as early as August 10, 1497. Between that early date and 1574, there is hardly a word of America in the archives of England. From 1497 quite down to 1607, when Newport and John Smith at last got firm foothold of Virginia, there is more than a century of adventure, of experiment, and of waiting,—a century which is to be called the century of the dawn, to which belongs all the mythic history that we have,—a great store of romance, should civilization ever start up new romances, and of which the general student wonders that so little is recorded or widely known. Before that century was past, Mexico and South America had really passed through the most imposing and eventful crises of their history. The cities and cathedrals were built; Santa Rosa, our one American Saint, was born and had died; and the rivers of gold and silver had overflowed for the destruction of Spain, and had begun to run dry. Yet, of that period, general history tells of the country north of Mexico a most scanty story of a little fishing, and a little quest at the north for India; hints at a little squabbling about title between Spain and England; but, on the whole, lets the century drift by, as if it had as little to do with America as the century before.

Into one of the great halls of history, as empty and dark as this, Mr. Parkman walks boldly; throws open the shutters; brushes the dust off the pictures; shall we say, takes the linen covers from the statues; and shows that the sun was as bright and the world as active—that men were as

brave, as noble, and as manly — that adventure was as desperate and passions as hot, north of the line of Mexico, as they were south of it, for these hundred years of preparation, before Protestant America was born. He begins with Florida, the most tropical of our States, the oldest of our colonies, the most mysterious in her history, shall we not say, the most hopeful in her future? He tells very briefly — rather too briefly — the stories of Ponce de Leon, of the fountain of Youth, and De Soto; for the Spanish adventurers are not his heroes, but the French. Thus he opens up for us the history of the French colonies in Carolina and Florida. As early as 1550, there is the curious episode of Villegagnon's Huguenot colony in Rio Janerio. This failed, and the next French Protestant colony tried its fortune in Port Royal Bay.

“ At length (in 1562) they reached a scene made glorious in after-years. Opening betwixt flat and sandy shores, they saw a commodious haven, and named it Port Royal. On the 27th of May they crossed the bar, where the war-ships of Dupont crossed three hundred years later. They passed Hilton Head, where, in an after generation, rebel batteries belched their vain thunder; and, dreaming of nothing of what the rolling centuries should bring forth, held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad River.”

The object of this expedition was not immediate settlement, but exploration; but so enthusiastic were the voyagers, as they saw the beauties of that region in early June, that a company of volunteers, thirty in number, were left to attempt a settlement. Wholly unprepared they were, and wholly ignorant of the undertaking before them. The story of the colony is a story of famine, misery, and death, like one before it, and like so many which come after it. The European races had passed so many centuries since their last exodus, that they had lost the art of colonizing, now so well known again; and they had all to learn by cruel experience. The next year closed on Port Royal without one Frenchman on its shores; on North America, without one white man north of Mexico. All was to be begun again.

The new beginning was made by Laudonnière with another

Huguenot colony, in 1564. He landed in the River of May, which we call the River of St. John. Remember him, new colonists, who shall carry a new religion, new laws, and the new-tested rights of men into that river, in the new birth of Florida! Ribaut, who had led the last colony, had landed on those lonely shores; and he and his Frenchmen were tenderly remembered there. They made themselves the friends of the savages from the very beginning. Made welcome by the prestige they had gained, the colony of Laudonnière established itself at Fort Caroline. The story of their adventures and intrigues with one and another sept or tribe of the Indians; the story of their relief by Hawkins, the inventor of the slave-trade and prince of legalized buccaneers; the story of their conflict with Menendez, the Spanish leader, who came to rout them out from the empire of Spain, discovered them, outnumbered and overmastered them, broke faith with their starving fugitives, and for ever tainted the names of Catholic and of Spaniard by his treatment of them, — all these stories give full material for a narrative of melodramatic interest. Then comes poetical justice. Menendez, the Spanish leader, hanged Ribaut and his other prisoners, with the inscription, "I do this, not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Nothing in the recent annals of Southern warfare has been more brutal or barbarous than the treatment which the Jesuit leader inflicted on his Huguenot captives. The French king at home had no ear for the tale. But Dominique de Gourgues, a private Huguenot gentleman, read of these cruelties; collected a crew of men willing to avenge his countrymen; sailed in 1568 for the River of May; found the Indians willing to join him against the Spaniards, and, in a whirlwind assault, took them prisoners in their turn. Grimly he arrayed his prisoners before the trees where Menendez had hanged his captives. They were hanged there in turn, with the inscription, "I do this, not as to Spaniards, nor as to Morescoes,¹ but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

¹ *Marane*, which we render "Morescoes," was a term of ignominy. As one might say "nigger" of a white man.

And so Gourgues's mission was fulfilled. Like a whirlwind he came; like a whirlwind he went. He bade the Indians demolish the fort, and not one stone was left upon another. He sailed, and all was to be begun again.

Mr. Parkman, having wrought out all the exciting narrative of these coasts with the most sedulous care, yet with the most picturesque narration, turns to the events further north in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The narrative of these begins a few years earlier than those we have been tracing; but the main movement of the story is of a later date. Examining the question, whether the Basque fishermen knew of the Newfoundland cod-fishery before Columbus, Mr. Parkman follows along the history of French exploration through the century. The earliest description of the United States known to exist, is the report of one of these explorations, that made by Verrazzano, as early as 1524, which he wrote from Dieppe to the king on the 8th of July of that year. Jacques Cartier's first reconnoissance was made in 1534; his second more careful voyage, in 1535. In this expedition, Stadaconé and Hochelaga, where now stand Quebec and Montreal, were discovered; and the winter of 1535-36, in the horrors of a Quebec climate, where men, wholly unprepared for such adventure, met scurvy, famine, and cold, witnessed the dreadful failure of the first European colony north of Mexico. So many such failures must be made, alas! before men could learn the art of colonization. Two more dreadful winters, at or near the same spot, marked the winters of 1541 and 1542; but, in the summer of 1543, what was left of the colony was taken back to Europe. So all was to be begun again.

The next beginning was made, as we have seen, at Port Royal. That at Fort Caroline was the next. Each ended almost as soon as it began. The French fishermen followed the fisheries every year. It must be, that one or another spent the winter by some accident or adventure here, sometimes; as the New London whalers now winter, of choice, on the shores of Davis's Straits opposite Greenland. But there is no narrative of such adventure. As late as 1598, the

Marquis de la Roche, a Catholic nobleman of Brittany, asked for a patent to colonize New France, and obtained it. That winter he landed forty convicts on Sable Island, still one of the most desolate regions of our coast. He sailed further himself to search for more genial home, but either lost or deserted the convict colonists. They spent five years of misery there, living on seals, foxes, fish, and whortleberries; and then the twelve who were left were rescued, and, for Sable Island, all was to be begun again. These wretches seem to have been the only white persons in America north of Mexico, when the seventeenth century came in.

The new history of French effort in America comes in with the manhood of Samuel de Champlain, one of the most striking and interesting characters of history. It seems that he trained himself for his great enterprise in the best school of his day, namely, in the Spanish service; and Mr. Parkman, with his usual diligence in detail, has even studied the manuscript history of the first adventure which Champlain made westward, under the orders of Francisco Colombo, a Spanish admiral, in the year 1600. The manuscript of the journal he then wrote is still preserved in Dieppe. So soon as Champlain was of an age and position to undertake such adventure, he sought American employment under the auspices of France. By a fortunate alliance with De Chastes, he obtained the patent which all parties then thought so necessary, and, with Pontgravé, sailed in 1604 for New France.

We must not trace the detail of this adventure, more than we have attempted to do the others to which we have alluded. It is because it introduces Champlain, the hero, *par excellence*, of these early romantic days, that that particular voyage differs from earlier or later experiments of failure. Not in this voyage, but in one and another expedition, only ending with his death, he penetrates the unknown world into recesses which, to this hour, are the home of native Indians almost as savage now as they were then. He brought all that was worth bringing of chivalry into the conflicts with the giants and infidels and wild enchantments of the New World. With a spirit always young, he essayed every adventure most

cheerfully. He brought such civilization as the world had to the wilderness, and seems never to have disgraced the name of civilization. He won the love of the Indians, even their respect and obedience, and does not seem to have forfeited it by any intentional disloyalty to his promise. Let us add, that, in the most attractive contrast to all Puritan adventurers, he told his story with animation and spirit. He let us see what he saw, and hear what he heard. We will do all fit honor to Winslow and Bradford and Winthrop and Morton, and the rest of our own annalists. But if their fathers had led them to some altar, and bade them swear never to reveal to posterity the familiar method of their lives, and of the lives of those around them, how they did what they did, how the new landscape impressed them, what were the manners of the men they met, and what their own sensations as they exchanged the Old World for the New,—had their fathers done this, and sometimes we think they did bind them to such awful secrecy, they would not have left us fewer traces than they did of their daily lives, or of the impressions, which, for all their taciturnity, we believe must have been overwhelming, of a life so completely new. Let us do honor to Samuel de Champlain, that, while he did well, he could tell what he did as well; while he saw well, he could tell what he saw; and how fortunate for us, that the tracing out his work has fallen now into the hands of so successful a narrator!

But we have not yet come to successful colonizing. Acadie (the land of the pollock fish, whose Indian name is *aquoddie*) was first settled, at the mouth of the St. Croix, in the expedition of 1604. The next spring, the colony was removed to Port Royal, now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. In 1608, Champlain, acting with De Monts, settled at Quebec again. The Acadian colony had endless hardships and misadventures. In 1614, they essayed a plantation at Frenchman's Bay, when Argall, an English seaman, acting on pure buccaneer law, swept down on them and afterwards on Port Royal, and carried all Frenchmen away captive, although, in pretence, France was at peace with England. Jesuits and Huguenots,

courtiers and merchants, great noblemen and great ladies, soldiers, adventurers, fishermen, and traders, mix themselves up in the narrative with the most fascinating blending of colors and of voices. With the background of the brilliant array made by such a chorus, there is, however, always in the front a duo, sometimes even a trio or quatuor, of leading men, with just a glimpse of Madame de Guercheville, whom we may fairly call a leading woman, and of Madame de Champlain. Such men as Poutrincourt, as Biencourt, as De Monts, and the hero of chivalry whom we have named, will not let the chorus clamor run into chaos. They steadily rebuild burned forts, re-establish deserted sites, out-manceuvre the most crafty antagonists; and, for that generation, Acadie and Canada are established on foundations which are sure.

The reader will readily judge how interesting a narrative might be wrought out of such adventures, if only the narrators condescend to leave some memoirs of them behind. Mr. Parkman's rare zeal, of which we are to speak again, has brought out what is really large store of material for the reproduction of such history. Merchants, soldiers, and priests had the French tact at "*mémoires pour servir.*" And so the dull page of the history of poor, starving, fishing settlements is lighted up with gleams of human pathos, and becomes as wild and affecting as the story should be which is the beginning of the history of nations.

With the winter following the lawless raid of Argall on Acadie, Mr. Parkman turns from that province to the St. Lawrence, and follows the fortunes of Champlain and of his colony there. We have spoken of the man. The scenes of his adventures were the St. Lawrence, the lake which is his fit monument because it bears his noble name, all the great lakes but Lake Superior, and all the waters between them. The people with whom he had to do were mostly the Iroquois Indians; a variety of the Indian race much more interesting than our dead and stolid Algonquins were. Shall we say that the talkative, adventurous, and sociable Iroquois was the Frenchman of America; and that the dull, stoical, morose Penobscot or Massachusetts man was its Englishman? Mr.

Parkman will rule us out of court for such a dashing generalization. But none the less is this true, that, in his hands and in Champlain's narratives, the Iroquois and the Hurons are far more interesting companions than Roger Williams or John Eliot ever make out our "red-skins" here to be.

We have attempted the briefest possible sketch of this curiously varied narrative, simply to direct the attention of the reader to the volume itself, in which it is so thoroughly digested. Under the title which we have quoted, Mr. Parkman presents to us now this interesting study of every successive effort which France made in America, by way of introduction to his study of the rivalry of France and England on this continent,—a study for which he is particularly well prepared,—of a subject of the first interest and importance. We must not leave our sketch without direct acknowledgment of the picturesque interest of the narrative, and of the solid and manly style in which the work is done.

Although it is evident that the history of the attempts of an absolute civic rule and an armed hierarchy to establish themselves over a domain so vast, and a population so utterly unaccustomed to and unfit for the restraints of organized society, must be sought for and found, if at all, in many places, and in scattered and fragmentary condition, yet it is surprising to find how much of written authority remains upon which to base it. The earlier period of the history of New France was, it appears, very prolific of a class of publications of much historical value, but of which many are now exceedingly rare. Of these most important tributaries to the work which he had in hand, Mr. Parkman is able to say in his introductory note, "The writer, however, has at length gained access to them all." This "all" includes a vast amount of unpublished matter, like the early records of the colonies in the archives of France, and other documents of important bearing upon the subjects, treasured in public and private libraries in France and in Canada. Besides these more hidden authorities, there is the published matter with regard to this history; but even that is much scattered and little known. Captain Jean Ribaut's account of his voyage to Florida, in

1562, only exists in the English translation made the next year. Le Clerc's "*Establissement de Foi*" was suppressed by the government soon after its publication in 1691. Of the eight accounts of the Huguenot occupation of Florida, given by eye-witnesses, used by our author, none can be said to be works easily attainable or generally known to exist; and two of them are still in the original manuscript, and only unearthed — so to speak — by his investigations. With resources of this sort dispersed over the world, and buried in many obscure recesses, Mr. Parkman says that it has "been his aim to exhaust the existing material of every subject treated;" and he expresses a confidence, which we cannot think misplaced, that nothing of importance has escaped him. Indeed, the internal evidence of untiring research, and judicious selection, and careful weighing and comparison of authorities, furnished by the volume itself, is sufficient to show that there is little left for the gleaner in the field where he has gathered and bound the sheaves.

But it is not merely in the examination of the special authorities for the immediate transactions and incidents that he records, that Mr. Parkman has appreciated and accomplished his duty. That more general study and cultivation which enables him to grasp the whole of his subject; to exhibit it as a whole, and not as a series of fragments; and from the mass of colors, and the confused lights before him, to make one intelligible, interesting, and agreeable picture — has preceded and accompanied the work of detail. He has himself personally followed much of the *trail*. He has possessed himself of the tone and spirit of pioneer life by an actual experience of its haunts and its habits; and such has been the result of the strenuous effort at French subjugation of this continent, that, in many an instance, he can describe, from his own observation, scenes of his drama, still as wild, as savage and deserted, as when they were first seen by the adventurers whose progress he narrates. As he has thus prepared himself, by a personal acquaintance, with the actual boundaries of his subject, he has, by the study of the history and literature and romance of the times of which he writes,

imbued himself with the spirit and fathomed the character of those with whom he speaks, and made habitual to himself a clear and accurate judgment of their principles, their passions, and their motives. He is as much at home in the intellectual and spiritual sphere of his drama, as in its outward and local one. He groups his actors as well as he paints and shifts his scenes; and brings back to us, as far as seems possible, the "very form and image of the times."

ART. V. — ENGLISH COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

1. *Classical and Scientific Studies, and the Great Schools of England.*
A Lecture. By WILLIAM P. ATKINSON.
2. *On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England.*
By WILLIAM EVERETT. Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

THESE two books, between them, embrace the whole subject of the Higher Education in England. One takes for its subject the Public Schools; the other, the Universities: the second thus taking up the subject where the first laid it down. But here the continuity ends. The two accounts do not dovetail into each other at all. So far from one supplementing the other, the two are so violently contrasted, that it would seem hardly possible to believe that they were written on subjects so closely connected. If we are to believe Mr. Atkinson, the English system is below contempt; it is more than a failure: it is a cheat and a sham. If we follow Mr. Everett, it is a noble, a magnificent scheme of education; second to none in the world; unapproachable, indeed, in its own line. Mr. Atkinson brings forward his evidence to show that the public schools send a wretched set of ignoramuses to college. Mr. Everett gives his to the effect, that the English schools send to college much better classical scholars than the American colleges graduate. At first sight, then, we seem obliged to decide in favor of one of two witnesses, who flatly contradict each other;

and should probably incline to favor that of the eye-witness: for Mr. Atkinson gets at his facts from a parliamentary blue-book, while Mr. Everett obtained his by actual residence at an English university. The real truth, however, is, that the two are looking at the same object from opposite directions; Mr. Atkinson fixing his eyes exclusively on the defects, while Mr. Everett looks chiefly at the excellences, of the English system.

Let us proceed, then, to examine each of these witnesses separately. For we shall find that each has valuable truth to tell,—truth that it behooves the American educator to consider, and that quickly: for it will not be denied now, if ever it was denied, that the destiny of a first-rate nation is coming upon us; and that that destiny is coming upon us faster than we can educate first-rate minds to meet it. Mr. Atkinson has a cause to plead, which he rightly feels to be noble,—*the cause of science*. His earnest advocacy of this ennobles his pamphlet, and makes it, in spite of many unfairnesses, a most welcome contribution to educational literature. The sum of what he would say is this:—

“The study of Physical Science is as ennobling as the study of Language or of Mathematics, and ought therefore to have an honored place in any comprehensive system of education. Further, there are some minds, of a very high order, who gravitate toward Physical Science, just as surely as other minds gravitate toward Language or Mathematics; and it is a grievous injustice to such minds that their scientific faculties should not be developed at as early an age, and with as constant care, as the language faculties and the mathematical faculties are already developed. At present, partly from the lack of competent instructors, and partly from the general ignorance which prevails upon the subject, this is nowhere adequately done; the English public schools being, perhaps, the most conspicuous and most outrageous offenders in this respect.”

To enforce this idea, he makes admirable use of the Report of the Commissioners of Public Schools. The evidence he quotes, weighty or ludicrous, as the case may be, is all brought to bear upon this central topic. The criticism is just. Mr.

Atkinson has hit upon the great, palpable, glaring defect of English education. He does this, not in a spirit of fault-finding, but with an eye to the defects of American education in the same direction, and with a view to their remedy. To correct those defects is his special aim; and if one only of his suggestions were carried out, namely, that proficiency in scientific studies should be accepted at the examination for entrance at our colleges, — as an equivalent, say, for the study of Greek, — we should soon see a marked improvement in our system of instruction.

It is, indeed, enough to rouse the indignation of the lover of his race, to think of the deplorable waste of the most valuable minds which is perpetually going on in England, and elsewhere also. A one-sided system of education is a sin against the Holy Ghost. On all other sides, "we are all of us, as it were, naturalists by accident," says Professor Owen, mournfully. When God sends England an embryo chemist, a geologist, or a naturalist, she does not know what to do with him. There is tragedy, as well as comedy, in "Tom Brown's" account of the treatment of Martin the naturalist, at Rugby. Such minds as his are the Ugly Ducks of the English system.

This indignation Mr. Atkinson has felt to the full; and it is this which partly excuses, and accounts for, his really unfair account of what the English public schools do accomplish in their own line. One word, however, of caution, before we attempt to prove our statement. The change which Mr. Atkinson is working so manfully to effect is of such vital importance, and the educational world owes him so heavy a debt for having come forward as he has done, that we would sooner lay down our pen without writing a word of criticism, than weaken in the mind of a single reader the immense force of his positive statements. We trust that he will continue to cry aloud, and spare not, until Science, long defrauded, has her just rights, at last, in every scheme of liberal education. We trust also that every careful reader will ponder the really tragic significance of the evidence of scientific men, given before the Commission; the quintessence of which Mr. Atkinson has given us in his admirable Appendix.

With Mr. Atkinson's main purpose, then, we deeply sympathize. We simply criticise his picture of the public schools of England, by saying that he puts a part, and that the worst part, for the whole; gives their bad side, without seeming even to be aware that there is a good side. Even here, then, we must not be misunderstood. Mr. Atkinson's criticisms and quotations are only too true a picture of a certain type. The genus he paints exists, nay flourishes, in every public school and every college in England. It is as true a picture as that Dickens gives, in "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," of the Jefferson Bricks of the American press, and the land-sharks of Western speculation. But our criticism of Dickens is that he gave undue prominence to the hateful type, and thus left an impression of American society as unfair as a true picture of the thieves' corner in St. Giles's would be if given as the type of London society in general. Mr. Atkinson unconsciously commits the same injustice when he would have us believe that cricket and nonsense-verses are the two great staples of an English public-school education; the real curriculum being the former, and the sham the latter.

There are several ways of accounting for this. First, he has only the evidence of others to go by,—evidence which may be, and sometimes is, very one-sided; and has no immediate acquaintance with the facts himself, as a corrective to this one-sidedness. Secondly, without any argument or preface whatever,—evidently thinking that it needs neither,—he lays down, as if it were as self-evident as an axiom of geometry, the following entirely one-sided method of weighing the value of an educational system:—

"The true merits of a school are determined by what it does for the great mass of average minds. . . . The education of the able minority is never a true test of the worth of a system or of the character of a school."

If any one admits this as an axiom, it is not too much to say, that he can no more pass a true judgment on the English system of education, than a blind man can judge of colors. For the peculiar merit of the English system lies just here,

namely, in its unequalled power of developing the able minority; while, on the other hand, which makes such one-sided judgment the more unfortunate, the most striking defect of American education is its inability to develop beyond a certain point. Mr. Everett, in a single sentence, gives a really impartial and substantially correct judgment on the English system. "It is admirably calculated," he says, "to make a select body of distinguished scholars, but is not nearly as well adapted for the cultivation of average intellects." (p. 312.) In a word, English education sacrifices the many to the few. We are apt to sacrifice the few to the many. One of our greatest dangers is the being perfectly contented with a decent average of intelligence. "After all, is it not the tendency of Democracy to produce a general level?" In other words, "After all, is it not inevitable that Democracy should be insufferably tame, dull, flat, and uninteresting?" Says De Tocqueville, "Words cannot convey the commonplaceness of the ordinary American life." Says Renan, "The worst part of Channing's world is, that one would die of dullness there." Such criticism as this will continue to have a certain truth, until we find out the way to educate our best minds in the best manner. The truth is, that at least half of our judgment of a school or a college should be founded on the career and opportunities it affords to young men of high intelligence. One legitimate glory, then, of a scholarly university is the roll of the names of the great scholars she has trained; because she has furnished them with the knowledge needed in their own line. It is as true in scholarship as in the military art, that a first-class scholar wholly self-trained is a *rara avis* indeed. In a century, you may count on your fingers the names of such. True, minds of "active strength and originality" do make their mark in the world; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they do so by taking a line which does not require a great amount of previous attainment. Mr. Atkinson quotes Lord Brougham as giving Milton as one of those of whom the English system of education unjustly boasts. He could not have quoted a name that casts more weight into the opposite scale. Milton was, from a boy, dis-

tinguished as a classical scholar. He was captain (head) of St. Paul's School; a position entirely gained by pre-eminence over all others in the studies of the place, namely, Greek and Latin. He was a master of Latin as well as English verse; and, in every page of the "Paradise Lost," shows the most intimate acquaintance with the classical authors and heroes. Any one who could write Latin verse like Milton must not only have had genuine poetic talent, but a strict, learned, and conscientious classical teacher.

We may, then, with strictest justice, arraign the English system for its unpardonable neglect of the natural sciences; for its absurd contempt for general knowledge and the modern languages and literature; for its utter inability to develop, decently, minds of merely ordinary intelligence. But it is gross injustice to attempt to rob that system of the glory it has fairly won by the great scholars, and, in the case of Cambridge at least, the great mathematicians, it has reared. No one personally acquainted with the subject can doubt for a moment that nine-tenths, at least, of the classical scholars of England owe their scholarly culture to the English public schools and universities; while the most cursory survey of the facts will prove that the great majority of English mathematicians are Cambridge men. But to proceed.

Mr. Atkinson feels all along that he is describing a failure; a great, portentous sham; an immense system of no-education, where "How not to do it" has been illustrated on a gigantic scale. His "chief object," he says in his preface, has been to give —

"The very surprising picture of the great English schools contained in the Report of the Commissioners on English Public Schools; schools, some of which would seem, at the present time, to answer hardly any other purpose than that of serving as the demonstration, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, of the inefficiency of a one-sided and obsolete system of education."

Again (p. 85): —

"They have been tried so long, so much pains and cost have been lavished upon them, that their failure cannot be accounted for, except on the theory of some fundamental error in their organization."

This is the tone throughout. Certainly, it would be difficult to believe, from the tone of Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet, that there is scarcely one of these schools which does not yearly send to college half-a-dozen young men superior in classical attainments (the main staple, at present, of college requirements in both hemispheres) to any half-dozen which could be picked out from all the schools in America put together; that from these public schools, taken as a whole, there go up yearly, to Oxford and Cambridge, from twenty to thirty young men, whose average age will be under nineteen, who are superior in classical attainments to any twenty or thirty that might be selected from all the colleges in America put together. If this be indeed true, — and we leave it to any American graduate who has tried the experiment of competition with them to decide whether it be true or no, — surely a somewhat more respectful way of discussing the English public-school education would be more appropriate.

That we may not seem to misrepresent Mr. Atkinson, let him speak for himself here. He himself shall put an ingenuous but ill-fated British youth through his course of no-education, from public school to university, from university to the great world.

First, then, our youth is at a public school. Of these we will choose the "worst," and call it Eton. He is there, with all manner of budding capabilities in him, which are laboriously *not* brought out.

After a graphic sketch of the studies not taught him, Mr. Atkinson, very naturally, proceeds as follows:—

"But I shall expect you to begin to say, the thing is incredible: you are proving too much. It cannot be that this great number of boys should be herded together without receiving any education at all. Observe, gentlemen, that I have nowhere said that these boys received no education at all; and now, having gone over the parts of that education which they do *not* receive, let me proceed very briefly to describe the education which they do."

"Now, in any great collection of boys or men, if the organized and accredited system of education should prove unsuitable and a failure, you may be sure that an unorganized and unaccredited sys-

tem will be established by the boys themselves." In these schools they have organized "a system of vigorous and manly sports, and this is the real education of these great schools. The studies of *this* curriculum are, first and foremost, cricket; second, and hardly less important, rowing; and, as subordinate elementary studies, rackets, hare and hounds, &c., of which we read such glowing accounts in 'Tom Brown.' You may smile at this as a jest; but listen to the evidence. Mr. Johnson, an Eton master, testifies that cricket has become such a grave and serious science as to require special trainers, professors as it were; and that the needful practice consumes twenty-seven hours a week."

He quotes an amusing piece of evidence as illustration. Mr. Walford, one of the masters of Eton, is cross-examined by Mr. Thompson.

"(Mr. Thompson): Do you know if it is the case that five hours are considered barely sufficient for cricket? — I should think it was.

"That a boy cannot attain the proficiency in cricket, which an Eton boy aspires to, without five hours' study of it? — I should think so.

"Would it not require a boy of strong constitution to read six hours a day in the classics, after having studied five hours in cricket? — Yes."

Mr. Atkinson seems to consider this the most enormous joke of the whole affair. We think, however, that something may be said even here. In the first place, let us criticise the evidence itself a little. First, cricket is played in an English public school little more than three months out of the year, *i.e.*, from the end of April to the beginning of October, with two months of vacation intervening. That is, it is played during the hottest season of the public-school year, when a wise education would apportion the smallest amount of time for study, and the largest for open-air exercise. Secondly, the worst-conducted school in England never thinks of putting five hours of cricket in the morning, and then six hours of study in the afternoon. The "study" of cricket, in the main, follows, not precedes, the study of Latin. During the intermissions, it is true, wickets may be hastily

set up, and half-an-hour's practice obtained. Very good physiology, by the bye. But the main "study" of cricket is carried on after the larger part of the school-work is over, so that a good night's rest intervenes between cricket and Cicero,—also good physiology; while the matches, which may be called the final examinations of this study, take place on the half-holidays, of which there are from two to three a week. Any Saturday afternoon, at Rugby, Harrow, Eton, and a dozen other schools, you may see the game go on from two to nine, through the long afternoon and lingering evening of those wonderful English summer-days. Counting in these, you do, indeed, get a formidable aggregate of hours; but not so much too many as one might be apt to think. In the second place, we may well afford to ask, Can an enlightened American teacher, like Mr. Atkinson, find nothing but a jest in the great system of manly sports which "are the inheritance of every British boy"? Has it not been the crying sin and sorrow of American education, that, until but yesterday, it has sullenly refused to learn the priceless lesson the sports of the English public schools had to teach? If Young England plays too much, has Young America played enough? "Here is where Waterloo was won," said the Duke of Wellington when walking in the "playing-fields" of Eton. That is, "Here was manufactured that terrible endurance before which even Napoleon's legions recoiled, baffled at last." Out of the four first Elevens in the four Philadelphia Cricket Clubs, all but seven men went to the war; and of these, two were the English professionals. What does this mean but that manly young bodies, developed by manly games, are a nation's cheap defence? Surely our war has taught us this lesson at least, that true souls encased in stout bodies are the real *ultima ratio* of liberty. But how many brave young men we had among us, who longed to give themselves up for the good cause, but whose poor, weak, untrained bodies meanly said them nay? How many dropped down, killed by the first day's march, before they had seen the foe? Surely, surely we shall learn this lesson of the war at least. It is, indeed, true, as Matthew Arnold complains, that to-day

the higher classes in England amuse themselves overmuch; true, it is a sorry sight, as Mr. Atkinson well says, to see in England the too-frequent development of bodies without brains. But, at present, the greatest danger to us is the development of brains without bodies; and the chief remedy for this lies in the introduction of the manly sports for the million.

But to proceed. There must, after all, be a pretence of doing something, even though nothing be done. Our hapless youth has school-hours, in which there must be lessons, even though nothing be learnt. You begin to ask in despair, "What do the boys learn?" The answer is brief, and it is this, that their chief mental occupations are,—

"'First, the committing of a quantity of Greek and Latin verse to memory;' and 'secondly, the manufacturing themselves of vast quantities of Greek and Latin verses, or what are called verses; which is usually done with the help of a 'Gradus,' and, in point of educational value, is about on a par with the operation of turning the handle of a barrel-organ.'"

So much for the Public Schools. Our hapless school-boy passes to the Universities. Alas! he is "out of the frying-pan into the fire." The Universities—

"'Are little more than cock-pits on a larger scale, and for older combatants to engage in contests of the same kind;' which it is simply 'preposterous to call education,' but in which 'there is a never-failing supply of combatants, not from the best minds of the nation, who, intent on real knowledge, scorn to prostitute their talents to such base purposes, but of second-rate and vulgar men, who are ready to travel any road that offers them any prospect, however distant, of a fellowship.'"

To sum up, broadly,—

"All the means of promotion to which an English literary man or clergyman must look, are absolutely dependent, not so much upon his real knowledge of the substance of Latin and Greek literature, as upon his skill in making Greek iambics, or the rate at which he can grind out Latin hexameters. The manufacture of Greek and Latin verses is fostered by a system of bounties that are almost prohibitory of any other style of teaching."

But, "last change of all," our not-educated Eton scholar becomes a not-educator himself. Our astonishment at this state of things will perhaps be somewhat diminished when we read the following description of the mode of education and appointment of the Eton masters. For Eton, it will be seen, is the great scapegoat throughout; it is the "worst" of the great Public Schools, the *monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*.

Mr. Atkinson quotes a somewhat stupid passage (not knowing that it is stupid) from the "Edinburgh Review," to prove that the absurd curriculum is complimented by a set of incompetent and worthless masters, all old Eton "Collegers," who were "grossly neglected and ill-educated" at school, and thence passed to King's College, Cambridge (not "Oxford"); a college "notorious for idleness and laxity," and when there "encountered none of the public examinations of the University." When one set is "superannuated," other Collegers, as carefully educated by similar teachers, "take their places, and thus the vicious circle has been perpetuated from age to age."

Now, confessedly, Eton is full of faults, and the management of it is, in many respects, bad; but its directors are not insane, as this account would have us believe. A single glance at the Cambridge Calendar would have given the "Edinburgh Reviewer" a little much-needed information. Had he turned to the list of Craven University Scholars, he would have seen, that, from 1840 to 1850, five out of ten were King's men; and that three of these, Johnson, Day, and Wayte, are now masters of Eton. It would require some local knowledge to know that one more out of the ten was an Eton man, making six Craven scholars out of ten; a pretty fair proportion from a school so insanely conducted. It ought to be said here, that the Craven Scholarship is about on a par with the place of Senior Classic in the Classical "Tripos," the two being the two highest honors in classics which the University has to bestow. It was, indeed, a great misfortune to King's men, that, in times past, they could not enter the Classical Tripos, as well as the examination for University

scholarships; but it must be distinctly understood, that the test of the Craven Scholarship is even more severe, as generally only one is given each year.

Mr. Atkinson is indeed "proving too much." Here we have six Eton students gaining, year after year, the highest classical honor (some three of them at least gained this when they had been at Cambridge less than a year and a quarter); showing a proficiency in classical knowledge which no single student in any American college, and very few professors, possess; necessitating an extent of classical reading at least quadruple in amount of that which the most proficient American graduate has gone through; and we are to believe that all this has been accomplished at a school conducted in the insane way which Mr. Atkinson describes.

But let us analyze the matter a little more closely; as by so doing we shall gain something of a real insight into the English system.

The general question of writing Latin and Greek verse as part of a scholarly education is a large one. Dr. Arnold, at one time of his life, considered skill of this kind "one of the most contemptible prettinesses" that a youth could waste his time upon. Experience afterwards caused him to modify his opinion; as also another cognate one, namely, the undervaluing of the Greek tragedians.

The truth is, that, while it is successful, this exercise gives the very aroma of classical thought and culture, and gives a sympathetic appreciation of the most delicate and tender shades of meaning that the ancient languages can convey; while, on the other hand, where it is unsuccessful on account of lack of poetic sensibility on the part of the pupil, it is an unmitigated waste of time. It is, then, an accomplishment for a scholar: it is poor discipline for average minds. Here, then, as elsewhere, English education has sacrificed the many to the few.

It is, moreover, generally conceded in Cambridge, that Eton, especially, does devote too much time to versification; but, leaving verses wholly out of the question, the test of the Craven Scholarship is so severe, that only an examination of

the papers themselves, and the manuscripts of the successful candidates, would convince an American scholar that such attainments were possible at so early an age, say twenty or twenty-one.

To gain an accurate idea of these examinations, one has only to inspect with a little care the papers set for the Classical Tripos, contained in each year's Cambridge Calendar; premising that there is not much difference between these papers and those set for the Craven Scholarship.

We give, then, a synopsis of the papers set in the year 1860:—

One Greek-verse paper, containing a score of lines from Bryant's "Forest Hymn" commencing,—

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me;"

and a dozen from Shelley's "Cloud,"—

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers;"

to be turned, the first into iambics, the second into anapests, by the "barrel-organ" process; possibly, however, intermingled with some dim sense of the tender grace and beauty of the one passage and the solemn grandeur of the other, as well as of the wonderful capacity of the language of Euripides and Æschylus to express both in perfection.

One Latin-verse paper, containing (1) a score of lines, from Tennyson's "Vivien," for hexameters; and (2) four stanzas from Whittier,—

"Knowest thou not, all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime," &c.

to be turned into alcaics, also by the "barrel-organ" process.

Two English prose-papers; one to be translated into Latin, and the other into Greek prose.

A long paper of questions in Greek and Roman History, Policy, Law, Philosophy, &c.

These five papers are together not quite half the examination.

The other three days — six hours of examination in each day — are devoted to translations, on paper, from Latin and Greek authors; the various passages and authors being selected by the examiners, — the only preparation possible being, 1st, a general knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; and, 2d, a thorough knowledge of each author, and his peculiar style. The high men have probably studied carefully every author set, and are familiar with about from two-thirds to three-fourths of the passages given. The only way, for instance, to be sure of a passage in Sophocles is to have read carefully each one of the seven extant plays of this author; and similarly for the rest. The following is a list of authors from whom passages are selected in this particular Examination of 1860: —

Cicero (De Legibus, two Orations, three Epistles), Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Seneca, Plautus, Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, Lucan, and Catullus, in Latin; and Homer, Aristotle, Isæus, Demosthenes, Plato, Thucydides, Herodotus, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Meleager (Epigrams), in Greek. Æschylus is omitted, an unusual thing. The passages set are from fifteen to twenty lines in length.

But what preparation is made for this searching examination?

One who is striving for the place of Junior Classic will have read (1) the whole of Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, Greek Epigrams, and perhaps Euripides; (2) a large part of Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, in Greek: with (1) all Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Nepos, Juvenal, Lucretius, Persius, Sallust, and Tacitus; and (2) the major part of Cicero, Livy, Terence, Ovid; and (3) variable quantities of Plautus, Catullus, Seneca, Quintilian, Suetonius, and Martius, in Latin. This, allowing for the variations of individuals, is, we presume, an average amount.

But how much of this has he gained at schools, and how much at college?

A young man who has stood high in an English public

school, has read, before going to college, on on average,—
1. Cæsar (say four books); 2. Cornelius Nepos (half the lines); 3. Ovid (say five thousand lines); 4. Virgil, *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and six books of the *Æneid*; 5. Horace,—knows the *Odes* by heart, and has read half the *Satires*, &c.; 6. Lucretius, three books; 7. Juvenal, six to twelve *Satires*; 8. Cicero, *De Senectute*, *De Amicitia*, *De Officiis*, *Orations*, *Tusculan Disputations*, three books; 9. Livy, two to four books; 10. (possibly) Tacitus, two books. In Greek, he has read,—
1. Xenophon, *Cyropædia* and *Anabasis* (parts); 2. Homer, from ten to twenty books; 3. *Æschylus*, two plays; 4. *Sophocles*, two plays; 5. *Euripides*, four plays; 6. *Aristophanes*, three plays; 7. *Herodotus*, seven books; 8. *Thucydides*, two books; 9. *Pindar*, all, or nearly all; 10. *Plato*, *Phædo*; 11. *Demosthenes*, *De Coronâ*; 12. *Greek Epigrams*, half. This is, as nearly as possible, a sketch from life. Of course, the books alter; but the total result is about as above.

We are sorry to say, that, besides this, he can translate Wordsworth's *Excursion* into Latin hexameters, and his *Odes* into *alcaics* or *asclepiads*; Shakspeare into Greek *iambics*, and Shelley into *anapæsts*. But surely the rest of his culture ought not to be entirely ignored on account of this; which is, after all, his misfortune, and not his fault. Surely he may be allowed to write Latin and Greek prose without any loss of caste. This for a fair average. If, however, he happens to be a "grossly neglected and ill-educated" Eton Colleger, who gets his University Scholarship in his first or second year (eventually, on account of this puerile distinction, to be made a grossly neglecting and ill-educating master, with a salary of \$7000 a year for not doing it), he must have accomplished, before he leaves school, at least twice that amount of reading. If any one doubts the possibility of doing this before nineteen years of age (the age beyond which no one continues at school), he does not know the immense stimulus which the mere thought of becoming University Scholar gives to an ardent, though "ill-educated" mind.

But to return. The "Verses" occupy about one-sixth part of the examination; and preparation for the verse-papers

has occupied, say, two to four hours a week. But, leaving these out altogether, we are forced to acknowledge that the subjects of the examination are the Latin and Greek Languages, Literature, and History. The examination itself, again, is so thorough and searching that nothing but real and thorough knowledge of the subject can avail any thing. If this, indeed, be true, and if our unfortunate Eton man does really ever come up to so high a standard, and actually, six times out of ten, distances all competitors, is it possible to believe that his education was quite such a nullity as Mr. Atkinson makes it out to be? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

N.B. — The first class, in the year whose papers we have given (1860), contained nine men an unusually small number. A King's man was Senior Classic, and three other of his "grossly neglected and ill-educated" brothers in misfortune were in the class; making four out of nine.

When a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two is University Scholar or Senior Classic, it means that he is at once enrolled among the scholarly minds of the world. It means that the Greek and the Roman language and literature have passed into his very being. He becomes, at once, another link between the old and the new; one more barrier against the overweening conceit of to-day; one more witness for the worth of men whose bones are dust, but whose words and deeds are immortal. Such youths are a glory to any system of education; and, while England produces yearly a handful of such, they will be the "fifty righteous" who save her educational city. This is no fancy sketch: such men, filled with noble enthusiasm, as well as high knowledge; with eye open to the mighty Future as well as the noble Past,— we have seen and honored and loved. If such minds can be produced by the "barrel-organ" process, why, let us at once proceed to purchase every Latin Gradus in existence. Each copy is worth more than the fabled philosopher's stone.

Again: Two-thirds of the able men at Cambridge, as anybody may ascertain by referring to a Cambridge Calendar, do not take classical honors at all, and are therefore entirely

innocent of verse-making, Greek or Latin. They study mathematics, pure and applied; and find that first-rate mathematical talent is as good a passport to a fellowship as classical ability is. So much for Cambridge. As for Oxford (the scapegoat of the Universities, as Eton is the scapegoat of the Schools), in her examinations for classical honors, no verses are required at all. The "barrel-organ" system is therefore comparatively guiltless of the manufacture of "Oxford bigotry."

This brings us to what is perhaps the most unfair passage in the whole book, as well as the one most easily refuted,—the one, namely, touching on the state of theology.

"What is it in England that keeps theology so far behind all other sciences, but the fact that the clergy are the only profession who are *compelled* to subject their minds to the full dementizing power of Oxford training? What power less potent could produce the bigotry of an English High-Church bishop?"

Mr. Atkinson puts the word *compelled* in Italics. He feels justified in so doing by quoting the evidence (p. 88) of an English clergyman given in 1859. But the fact is, that not only are clergymen not compelled to take a University degree, but, of late years, only about forty per cent of those receiving ordination have had a University education at all. Colenso, in his preface to his second volume, gives the statistics on this point; noticing the alarming fact, that every year the number offering themselves for ordination from the Universities is steadily diminishing, being now not more than half the average of former years.

He gives, as one of the chief causes of this diminution, the fact that the restrictions which the Church of England throws around free thought are so irksome to liberally educated men, that they will not endure them any more.

Mr. Atkinson erroneously supposes, that England at large is more liberal theologically than the Universities. It is, on the contrary, the "uneducated" men, especially fitted for the Church in middle-class schools and theological seminaries, who fill the depleted ranks of the ministry; notoriously keep-

ing up the sorely needed supply of ignorance, narrowness, and bigotry, by which free thought is to be voted down.

The injustice of such a criticism may be more plainly seen if we call to mind that there is hardly a single liberal theologian in England of any note — if we accept James Martineau and a few of his noble brothers in the faith — who is not a University man.

Dr. Arnold, Julius Charles Hare, Coleridge, Baden Powell, Williams, Stanley, Jowett, Colenso, Whately, Macnaught, Hampden, Robertson, Maurice, Francis Newman, — in fact, almost the whole army of liberal theologians in England has been recruited at the Universities. Among the Orthodox Dissenters, numbering millions, whose ministers have been brought up at "middle-class schools" and dissenting colleges, scarce a single name; indeed, not one, so far as we know.

Why is this? Simply, because in them culture has not risen high enough to make investigation a necessity.

Who, then, in England, have done the lion's share of the work of enlightening the people of England on the great questions of theology? We answer emphatically, "The scholars of Oxford and Cambridge." Honor to whom honor is due. Science has, it is true, exercised a vast influence, indirectly, in modifying our theology. But we must not forget that criticism, after all, has borne the burden and heat of the day. In other words, the liberal theologians of England, as well as of Germany, are scholars, rather than men of science. If a man unacquainted with the ancient languages were to pretend to criticise, *ex cathedra*, the ancient Scriptures, it would be a piece of presumption too great to be endured. In other words, scholarly training of the most rigorous kind is the essential preliminary to critical success. Now, it is just this which the English system of education gives to its best minds. Take Jowett himself for an example, whom Mr. Atkinson quotes as a private tutor (by the bye, he is public Professor of Greek to the University). Take away his thorough knowledge of the Greek language, the foundation of which was laid at St. Paul's School and at Oxford, and where would his masterly edition of the Pauline

Epistles be? Some of the most important criticism there hangs upon a comparison between the classical and the New-Testament usage of Greek particles, prepositions, such as *καί*, &c. The true explanation of several passages is, that the Apostle Paul did not write Greek correctly; and that, more than once, he did not mean to give the sense which, grammatically considered, his sentences will sometimes bear: but only a ripe scholar would have either the right or the courage to decide so delicate a matter.

But what, after all, is the position of which science, exclusive of mathematics, can offer to a Cambridge student? As far as external arrangements are concerned, there is nothing to complain of here. As there is a mathematical, classical, legal, moral science, and theological Tripos, or roll of honor; so there is an honor list in natural science.

When this new Tripos was formed, great hopes were entertained of its success. But the great mistake was made of making the scientific examinations far inferior, in thoroughness and extent of requirement, to the mathematical and classical examinations; so that, while it required years of hard study to gain high honors in the latter, a few months sufficed for the former. Of course, therefore, a high place in the scientific Tripos was valued very little; *for it stood for only a small amount of scientific knowledge*: and therefore the various colleges still give their Fellowships to mathematical or classical men. In fact, the Oxford examination in the physical sciences finds more favor than that of Cambridge. Until, therefore, a thorough reform is effected in this department, — until the competition is as real, and the rewards as great, as in the other departments, — Mr. Atkinson's censure is deserved.

It will not surprise any one to learn, that Mr. Atkinson prints in Italics, as a summing-up of the whole affair, a remarkable statement of Struve, the Russian astronomer; namely, that "*the first boys at schools disappear at the college, and those who are first in the colleges disappear in the world.*" This, if true, would prove that the existing schools and colleges are worse than useless; for they not only cannot foster, they

actually destroy, the best intellects. Nothing but actual proof is sufficient to establish so startling a proposition. How can this be done? A certain portion of the needed evidence can be collected without much difficulty. Take the first half of the proposition,—“*The first boys at schools disappear at the colleges.*”

Now, the Cambridge Calendar gives a list of the successful candidates for honors each year; and it would not be difficult to find out what public schools they came from. Take, for instance, the list of classical honors for 1852 (this year is chosen, simply because the present writer knows most about it).

Here, then, is a list of the first ten in the first class, in the order in which they stand (the names bracketed being equal); giving, at the same time, the schools they came from, and their relative rank in the school:—

- { Burn, First Scholar, from Shrewsbury.
- { Hammond, First, from Christ's Hospital.
- { Macnaghten, distinguished at Dublin University.
- Pening, Second, from Shrewsbury.
- Chandless, Third, from Shrewsbury.
- { Broadribb, not known.
- { Thompson, Second, from Christ's Hospital.
- Benson, Second, from King Edward's School, Birmingham.
- { Ellis, not known.
- { Pearse, First, from King Edward's School, Birmingham.

It will be seen from this list, that not only do the best scholars from the public schools monopolize the classical honors, but that they stand pretty much in the order in which they stood at school: with only one exception, indeed; and, in this case, the second scholar came up with a reputation superior to that of the first. Two out of the ten, from want of knowledge, are not classified; but it is in the highest degree probable that both would prove illustrations of, and not exceptions to, the rule.

The real fact is, that at least four-fifths of the classical men who will distinguish themselves in the University, are known, the first day they come up, by their school reputation.

So much for the first half of Struve's proposition. Now for the second,—“*The first in the colleges disappear in the world.*”

The last time Thackeray saw Macaulay was on the steps of the University-Club House in London. An English baronet had just asked, “Well, after all, what do your high men at Cambridge do in the world?” (Macaulay was himself a University scholar.) From the depths of that wonderful memory, Macaulay answered him. He went through the list of all the Senior Wranglers (*i. e.*, the first mathematical scholars) of each year of the present century, and showed just what they had done. Here are a few specimens:—

1801, Henry Martyn (saint and martyr). 1804, Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln. 1805, Turton, Bishop of Ely. 1806, Pollock, Lord Chief Baron. 1808, Bickersteth, Lord Langdale. 1809, Alderson, Judge, and Baron of the Exchequer. 1810, Maule, Chief Justice. 1813, Herschel, Sir John, the astronomer. 1816, Whewell, Master of Trinity, was Second Wrangler. 1818, Lefevre, the well-known Clerk of the Parliaments. 1823, Airy, Astronomer Royal. 1825, Challis, the Professor. 1828, Perry, Bishop of Melbourne. 1831, Earnshaw, the mathematical author. 1834, Kelland, Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh. 1835, Cotterill, Bishop of Grahamstown. 1836, Colenso was Second Wrangler. 1841, Stokes, the Lucasian Professor, and discoverer of new phenomena in the solar rays. 1843, Adams, co-discoverer with Leverrier of the planet Neptune, &c.

The above will probably be sufficient. We pass over several names, well known in England as belonging to first-rate mathematicians, but not so well known here. Now, will any one in his senses believe that any forty-three men, picked hap-hazard out of the communities, could produce among them such a list as this? Nay, could any ten thousand picked hap-hazard produce such a list? It is therefore only from lack of proper and systematic investigation that such absurd charges are made.

But how about the “barrel-organ” system, which flowers out in the Classical Tripos? The Classical Tripos was insti-

tuted in 1824. In 1827, Kennedy, Head Master of Shrewsbury, was Senior Classic. 1828, Selwyn, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity. 1829, Martin, Chief Justice of New Zealand, was Second Medallist. 1830, Wordsworth, author of Wordsworth's Greece, &c. In the same year, Merrivale, author of the Roman History, was fourth. 1831, Kennedy, second of that wonderful family, translator of Demosthenes, &c. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, was second. 1832, Lushington, Professor of Greek at Glasgow. Thompson, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was Second Medallist. Alford, author of the Greek Testament, was eighth. 1834, a third Kennedy, one of the sweetest "barrel-organ" tuners that ever lived. We cannot refrain from giving here a single specimen of his grinding, from Shelley's "Skylark":—

" Sound of vernal showers
On the meadow grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, they
Music doth surpass."

" Suave coruscantes vernus cadit imber in herbas,
Suave olet a pluvîâ flos reseratus aquâ,
Carmina sed præstant tua quidquid in orbe sereni est,
Quidquid lætifici, quidquid odoris inest."

In the same year, Donaldson, author of the "New Cratytus," was second; Forsyth, author of "Hortensius," was third. 1837, Whytehead, one of the sweetest of the poets, that die before their times, author of the lines,—

" This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,"

(given in the "Monthly Journal," in May, 1861,) was second. Conybeare and Howson, authors of the "Life of St. Paul," were, respectively, third and sixth. 1838, Lord Lyttleton, one of these very Commissioners, was bracketed Senior Classic with Vaughan, the late head-master of Harrow. 1842, Munro, the Aristotelian, was second, and Charles Kingsley was ninth. 1843, Gifford, head-master of King Edward's

School, Birmingham, was second. 1844, Maine, Professor of Civil Law, Clark, William G., the author and Tutor of Trinity, was second. 1845, Holden, editor of "Aristophanes," and Randall, assistant-master of Harrow, were bracketed Senior Classics. 1847, Evans, assistant master of Rugby (we believe), and giver of evidence quoted. 1848, Scott, head-master of Westminster, and Westcott the theologian, were bracketed Senior Classics. 1849, Elwyn, late head-master of Charter House, &c. These men, it is plain, have not disappeared; and it will also be seen that the masters of the public schools are not generally ignoramuses. In fact, there is hardly a single master in any of the public schools who did not highly distinguish himself at college.

Lastly, if we turn to the list of the University Scholarships, and find at a glance that it contains the names of such men as Richard Porson, C. J. Blomfield, Connop Thirlwall, George Long, T. B. Macaulay, Capel Lofft, Christopher Wordsworth, Vaughan, Lyttelton, and Monro, we shall see that, as far as Cambridge is concerned, Struve's epigram is a complete libel; while a like examination of the Oxford Calendar would prove the same for Oxford. We will not enter into this examination; merely saying that Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and Jowett were "double firsts" at Oxford; Cobham Smith, a first, &c.

One more abuse is the excessively high pay of the masters of the schools. Mr. Atkinson, having throughout an eye on the American system, gives, as a motto to his pamphlet, "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*" Let the American public take warning, and correct, ere it is too late, its indiscreet, its excessive, its absurd generosity to its public teachers! True, there is some excuse for America in this regard. She feels so justly proud of her great system of education, feels so truly that a great Republic without great teachers is an impossibility, that, after all, one can hardly be surprised at seeing each section of the country vying with every other in paying the present immense salaries, offered as inducements to draw the very best minds into the business of educating the best brain of the rising generation!

Seriously, it is worth while to consider whether there is any thing beside an accidental connection between the two facts, — 1st, That the masters of the English public schools are paid very high salaries; and, 2d, That, somehow, the very best minds in England *are* engaged in the task of education. It is probably nothing more than a mere coincidence. The fact is, that, in England, people have an absurd notion, — 1st, That a teacher of young gentlemen should live like a gentleman himself; and, 2d, That he ought, in his working days, to lay by a provision for his old age, and for his family after his death. Here, in America, we have got beyond such old-world prejudice.

Had we space, we could draw from Mr. Everett's book a really accurate portrait of Cambridge as it is. The contrast between such extracts and those from Mr. Atkinson is almost amusing: —

"The training in the Greek and Latin languages acquired at the great English public schools, like Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, is certainly very much superior to any acquired at our colleges by the required course of instruction."

"The great work," in the classical examinations, "is to put Latin and Greek prose and verse into accurate and idiomatic English: for bad English" [we assure Mr. Atkinson that this is indeed the case] "will condemn a translation quite as soon as incorrect rendering." pp. 83, 84.

"The stern, conscientious study of the honor-men brings out a solidity and a brilliancy that the world never saw surpassed."

At the same time, he does not fail to show the weak side of Cambridge education; its system of *laissez faire* with respect to lazy men, who come up without the slightest intention of studying. "The system pursued with them" is simply "to require nothing of them." — p. 112.

But there is also another weakness well pointed out by Mr. Everett in his tenth lecture. The "specialists" have every advantage given them, and rightly; but really industrious men, who could do very tolerably in several subjects, and who thereby could obtain the best education possible to them, get very little encouragement.

"The examinations are made of exceeding difficulty; difficult even for the best."

"It is plain that these papers are exceedingly discouraging to inferior minds. Then the stimulus, though very intense for superior scholars, is very small for a man of moderate powers: what he wants is a constant stimulus,—little successes day by day, a good recitation here, a neat exercise there, to keep him along and mark his improvement: he cannot bring himself to the lofty point of resolution which will work unflinchingly for a prize three years off."

"I am conscious that many a young man in England feels the want of a general course, where his attention shall be attracted to as much as he can master of all valuable branches at once, without being forced to make a selection of some one, for which, perhaps, he cares no more than for any other, and strain his mind in the vain effort to reach an impossible elevation."—Lecture X. pp. 312–316.

All this is genuine criticism, and would be acknowledged as such by any candid Englishman. Mr. Everett remarks, however, very truly, that in England there is a constant demand for minds highly developed in special directions, and that the universities are pressed to keep up a constant supply to this demand; while the demand for men who know a little of every thing is much smaller than it is here. The really excellent examinations for entrance guard our best colleges from those complete ignoramuses whom an English university weekly admits; and not only so, a far greater sense of responsibility for the welfare of a student of only average ability is felt in an American college than in an English one. Too many of the last half in an English university depart after a three years' course, not merely *knowing* nothing, but with an ingrained conviction that it is gentlemanly to *do* nothing; and with a fixed purpose of doing it, if possible, for the rest of their natural lives. Year after year, the universities turn out a stock of these drones. With us, this class of young men is still small and uninfluential; but English society is deeply tainted with their spirit, and the universities have much to answer for, in that they do so little to prevent, and so much to foster it. We trust that America will never tolerate in her colleges the disgraceful negligence which, at English universi-

ties, sits still and folds its arms, while hosts of young men are going to ruin around it every day. There are here, too, far fewer of those utter failures, those shipwrecks of name and fortune and decency, which form the night-side of university life. There are fewer spendthrifts, fewer betting-men, fewer gamblers, fewer debauchees, fewer voluptuaries at an American college, than at an English one. In a word, if there are not such great successes, there are not so many hideous failures.

A university has two great and sacred tasks. First, to give to all its members as high a culture as they can receive, and thus steadily raise the tone of the whole community by sending in a constant influx of cultivated minds; and, secondly, to prepare true leaders of thought in all directions, by developing to the highest point minds of the first class. The American colleges devote themselves almost exclusively to the first; the English universities, to the second. Each, therefore, could take a lesson from the other; but it is our special business here to learn the lesson the English universities can teach us.

One of our foremost American scholars thus described his college course:—

“From a very early age, I found that my mind had a scholarly bent. I went to college considerably in advance of the general average of students in my knowledge of the languages, and felt eagerness to pursue this class of studies. But I was ambitious, and wished to stand high in my class. I found that a few minutes’ reading was sufficient to give me the highest marks in my classical recitation, while it took me several hours to get up my mathematics, for which I had not the slightest taste: consequently, the studies in which I excelled, and which I loved, received no attention at all; while the studies for which I had no aptitude, and which have disappeared, leaving no trace save a certain soreness of memory, usurped almost the whole of my mind and energy. I left college with very little more knowledge of the classics than when I entered it, while my mathematic attainments were simply zero. Now, what has been the result on my after life? My scholarly bent has proved too strong to be resisted; and I have been obliged, from sheer necessity, to grind out with grammar and dictionary the great authors whose pages

ought to have been familiar to me as household words, and would have been had I been allowed in college to follow my bent."

This is the reiterated testimony of every man of strong literary bent, who has been through the college course at any American college. It is equally true with scientific or mathematical minds. How many such minds have lost all interest in the college course, turned idle and worthless, simply because high excellence in their own direction could obtain no due acknowledgment?

The English system will give us here certain invaluable hints. To begin, then, with the schools, we can at once raise the standard of all the schools in the country by the simple expedient of offering scholarships to be tried for by all comers, before entrance into college; the schools, therefore, getting all the honor from the successful men.

The scholarship system, already partially introduced into American colleges, is a great success, as far as it has been fairly tried. In many cases the mistake has been made of offering such scholarships to needy scholars alone. This at once degrades a scholarship from a high honor to a mere benefaction, very useful, it is true, to individuals, but valueless as a general stimulus to high attainments. Further, a stringent examination ought, in all cases, to be the passport to a scholarship. The State of Massachusetts throws away yearly a considerable sum in the form of assistance to second-rate students, the only condition being that the recipients should be in the first half of the class. If the State yearly gave two scholarships to each of her colleges, to be won only after a rigorous examination, — the best man to win, rich or poor, — every dollar she thus expended would return to her with usury. What we, however, are specially advocating, namely, the stimulating the schools by scholarships to be gained before entrance, is an entire novelty in America. It is a thoroughly tested success in England. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the examinations for entrance as at present conducted, viewed simply as a stimulus to the schools. The standard they require is, however, nearly, if not quite, as high as it is wise to demand as

essential to entrance. The plan proposed would be as great a stimulant to the best scholars, as the present one is to average ones, and seems to be the only feasible way left for getting a higher quality of mind for the college to work upon.

II. But this plan would, in the end, necessitate very serious modifications in the present academic system. For, if you induce able young men to come up in a high state of preparation in any branch of study, you must so arrange your curriculum that they shall be able at once to start where they left off, instead of being wearied to death with listening to the repetition of things they knew years ago. There are two ways of meeting this point, and only two; and, until one of them or both together are tried, American colleges will be for ever inferior to the universities of Europe, so far as superior attainments are concerned.

The first method is strict classification, according to merit, begun at the earliest possible period, so that the best scholars in any branch of study shall be classed together; the first class, at least, rigidly excluding all but the most thorough students: indolence, as well as ignorance, being made a sufficient reason for exclusion. As it is, the amount of work done, though fully as much as can reasonably be expected from a class composed of a medley of good, bad, and indifferent scholars, is simply below contempt, if compared with the knowledge that might have been gained from the same professor, if he had a select few from the same class, to whom he might communicate his own enthusiasm, and who would mutually encourage each other.

The second plan, which can be pursued either alone or together with the first, is private tuition. This, coupled with the tremendous final examination, is the sheet-anchor of an English university. Like every thing British, this really wonderful system was not made, but grew, till, at last, in spite of many objections, some wise and some foolish, it is now generally admitted to be the very best method of generating high excellence in any branch of study. The plan pursued is briefly this: When a young man wishes to read for honors at Cambridge, as soon as he comes up to college, he consults with

his friends on the important matter of selecting for himself a private tutor. These private tutors are, for the most part, Bachelor scholars, or Junior Fellows, who have taken a high degree; the most famous of all, however, being men who have made the taking of pupils a permanent profession. With the selection of the private tutor the authorities have nothing whatever to do. The motto is, "Free trade in tuition." Anybody can set up as a private tutor, and anybody can go to him as a pupil. Our student, then, selects Mr. Blank; and to him he goes every day, if a "whole pupil," or every other day, if a "half pupil," and has the privilege of being shut up for an hour with a man whose sole business it is to pour his knowledge into his pupil's brain as fast as he can. To him he translates page after page of Latin or Greek; has his mistakes, not somebody else's, pointed out; has his papers looked over, every error underlined and corrected, every excellence praised, and the path of progress clearly marked out.

Now, no matter how energetic a professor may be, he cannot stretch four hours into twenty. If he has a class of thirty in Greek, and hears four recitations a week, a simple mathematical calculation will show that he cannot put each man on more than eight minutes a week. During these eight minutes, how much chance has he for probing all the weaknesses and bringing out all the excellences of each individual? It is easy, therefore, to see, that, if the private tutor be put into competition with the recitation system, this last will be "nowhere" in the race, provided that you have got an earnest student to begin with. If any man were closeted with Agassiz an hour a day for three years, he must be a dolt, if, at the end of that time, he did not know something of geology. The private tutor system is the best conceivable method of getting the largest possible amount of knowledge into a man's head in the shortest possible time. But there is another immense advantage; namely, the opportunity of intimate and confidential association with a maturer mind, thus given to the student.

There is no assumption of authority; the only power used

by the tutor is the unconscious one of superior character. He knows every part of the life the student has to lead, and has lived it successfully himself. He not only can tell the student just how much improvement he must make to gain such a scholarship, or be in the first half-dozen in the class-list, but he can also drop a priceless word in season, to aid the moral and spiritual development of his pupil.

Now, confessedly, there would be some difficulty in introducing this system into an American college. It presupposes so much more spontaneity, so much more zeal, for study on the part of the student than he is generally, on the American system, supposed to possess, that it would have to contend, at the outset, with a good deal of not unnatural distrust. Much of this, however, would be obviated by the private tutor making constantly reports to the authorities concerning his pupil's progress, and by frequent examinations made by the authorities themselves.

Another difficulty is, how to get private tutors? In an English university, the best men step up for some time after taking their degree; here, they almost invariably disappear. It were greatly to be wished that there were Fellowships obtainable by high success at the final examination for degrees, to be held on condition that a certain number of private pupils should be taken at a moderate charge.

This at once suggests a further difficulty, — the expense to the student. In England a half-pupil pays from £7 to £10 for a term of nine weeks, and a whole pupil double that sum. Some colleges liberally pay the expense of a private tutor for a young man of ability, if he cannot afford to do so himself.

We presume, however, that if a young graduate were given \$500 a year by the college, he could afford to take pupils for a very moderate sum, and leave a margin of time for his own private studies. Of one thing we are assured, that, if once the system were fairly tried, it would be found that it could move side by side with the recitation-system, without any collision; and, not only so, would soon prove itself to be the most potent of all engines for the production of high excellence. The experiment might be made very unobtrusively. A few

earnest students might be selected to try the experiment; and hardly any one would be the wiser. At present, the best men cannot help feeling that a great deal of their precious time is taken up in hearing the recitations of somewhat dull individuals. Three hours is a large slice out of a student's day. A private tutor would do away with the necessity of at least one recitation. At Trinity, Cambridge, the Freshmen are competent to attend two "lectures" a day for five days in the week, from nine to eleven. The other years they are only required to attend one, and that a strictly classical one; so that a student attends the "lecture" best suited to his power.*

But both private tutor and pupil need a constant stimulus to exertion. In England, this is given by the competitive examinations. Both the failures and successes of the English universities teach a priceless lesson here. Cambridge has a truly grand final examination in classics and mathematics, which only ignorance can afford to undervalue. The results of these examinations are shown in the men produced by them. Probably no university in the world can show any thing to compare with the list of her Senior Wranglers. The examinations perpetually keep up the standard of scholarship at the various colleges, and at the great public schools. They are the great fountain-heads, whence the minor streams of culture flow. So thorough, so searching, so fair, are they, that the whole country depends absolutely on their verdict. They are the tests universally appealed to, of the fitness of any man to fill any position, however high, which demands either classical or mathematical knowledge of the highest order. The reason why they are so trusted is because they are real. A Senior Wrangler is not simply called the first mathematician of the year: he is, in fact, one of the best mathematicians in the country, capable at once of meeting the highest mathematical minds as an associate and an equal. So of the Senior Classic:

* These remarks are only intended to refer to the recitations miscalled "Lectures" at Cambridge. It would be, we conceive, a great mistake to alter the law which makes attendance upon the admirable scientific, historical, and certain other lectures given at our colleges, compulsory on all the students.

he at once, by virtue of his place, takes high rank among the scholars of the country, because it is an established fact, that he could not possibly have attained that position unless he was a first-rate scholar. On the other hand, Cambridge has a complete second-rate examination in the Natural Sciences, Moral Sciences, and Law. As a matter of course, University honors in this direction are little valued, for they stand for but little. They do nothing to elevate the standard of requirement in these subjects throughout the country; and few of the best men go in for them, and then only as a supplement to their severer studies. Cambridge experience teaches just this, that a first-rate final examination is of priceless value to a university system, while a second-rate examination is hardly worth the paper expended on it.

When the classical and mathematical examinations were first instituted at Oxford, scholarship was at a very low ebb. To raise the standard, they resolved to put the requirements of the first class very high, and for some time there were no first class men at all, and so the lists began with a "First Class ———." This was the very thing to stimulate a really fine young man to the most strenuous exertions, and so one day the list appeared thus: —

Classics:
Class I.
ROBERT PEEL.

Mathematics:
Class I.
ROBERT PEEL.

And, from that day to this, a first class at Oxford has stood for a real thing, because it is a real thing. It is idle to say, that, in other countries, university honors are not so highly thought of. University honors will always, in the long run, stand for just what they are worth: if they are worth little, for little; if much, for much.

If, then, any American college aims at the highest excellence in any or all departments, let it, at once, institute final examinations of the strictest character; in which knowledge, and knowledge alone, shall be the passport to success. It is very good to be regular at chapel and at recitations: by all means let there still be a high reward for general good conduct, and also for general success in the regular studies of the

recitation rooms. But all this must be absolutely ignored in the *special* examinations for honors.

In every university there ought to be at least five or six different final examinations for honors, namely: 1. Classics; 2. Mathematics; 3. Modern Languages; 4. The Natural Sciences; 5. Moral Sciences,—including History, Ancient and Modern, Political Economy, Philosophy, Law, &c.; and 6. A general examination of all the studies required of all the students during the college course. To the marks gained in this examination, the marks gained in the recitations throughout the course might be added; or the latter might be used to form an honor list by themselves. Decent success in any one of these examinations should be made an indispensable preliminary to the degree, which will then mean something. At present it is much harder to get in college than to get out of it. The utmost care must be taken to avoid making any one of these honor lists “a refuge for the distressed.” Let there be three, four, or five classes, as the case may be, in each honor list; but, as a *sine quâ non*, let no one be put into the first class who does not come up to a certain high and fixed standard. Let the first class be vacant ten years, rather than degrade it by putting into it a second-rate man. If this be done, does any one believe that the American public will be so foolish as not to value these honors, when it finds out that they are the sign and seal of high excellence in the very departments where high excellence is most needed throughout the country? *

To sum up, then. Four hints of great value can be obtained from the English Universities:—

1. The Scholarship system; including University Scholarships, and Scholarships offered before entrance; 2. Strict

* To be thorough, these examinations will, of necessity, be very laborious, as none of them ought to take less than four days. (The Cambridge Mathematical Examination consumes eight days.) The examiners, therefore, must not only be the very best men obtainable in their line, but must be liberally paid for their work. There are four examiners in both Classics and Mathematics at Cambridge. Each receives £20 from the university chest; the position itself being considered a very high honor.

Classification, such as is adopted by the larger college ; 3. Private Tuition, the first year ; and 4. Final Examinations for Degrees. It is, perhaps, well that the habit of carefully developing a creditable average of culture should have been so thoroughly ingrained into the American system, before it attempted systematically to give the highest culture known to the race. For this last is so fascinating, so engrossing, that it is only too apt to monopolize all the enthusiasm which is due to the whole number of students, talented or untalented.

When we ascend into the higher regions, and deal with minds of the first class, a great many vexatious questions, really very perplexing on a lower level, disappear altogether. It is very hard to decide which is the best ; a little classics, or a little mathematics, or a little science, or a little French or German, or music. It is quite an open question, whether it is worth while to learn the scales, if we only intend to study music half a year, or the grammar, if we do not intend to get beyond the First Reader. But once divide the type to which a first-class mind belongs, and all these questions settle themselves.

Small need of debating the value of classical studies with the scholar, when the simple fact is, that to the scholar, that is, to the student of the languages, literatures, and histories of men, they are priceless ; for they form the basis of all his studies. All, therefore, be they few or many, who covet a complete scholarly culture, must begin with these ; and upon them, as foundations, build the natural superstructure of the modern languages and literatures. The cultivated nations of Europe — as Matthew Arnold well puts it — associate on the common ground of acquaintance with the ancient literature and with each other. The real question to be decided, then, is, what is the proportion of scholarly minds ? or, rather, as that happens to be already settled by Providence, — 1. How are we to discover those minds for whom a scholarly culture is the best possible ? and, 2. How are we to secure them such culture ? Equally futile is it to raise the question of the value of scientific studies. To the scientific mind they are the one thing needful. They are the atmosphere which he breathes.

As well debate with the carpenter as to the value of his tools, as to debate the value of mathematics to the mathematician. For such pronominal natures, then, their course is settled beforehand. There remains only that class among the higher minds which has a natural avidity for general knowledge,—that class which mediates among first-rate minds of different orders, and also between first-rate minds of all orders, and the public at large. For them, it is a delicate and difficult task to know what of each branch to take, and what refuse. But, undoubtedly, the best way for them is to accept the guidance of acknowledged masters in each direction, and let them epitomize their results, as Herschel has done in his astronomy.

America is so ambitious of excellence, that she will never rest contented until her universities vie with the best in Europe. Candor compels any one who has any knowledge of the subject, to allow, that, at present, this is far from being the case. In the mean time, what is to be done for our finest minds?

If the question were put, Do you advise a residence at an English university to give the finishing touch to a young American's education? we should answer by putting three others: 1. Are you sure of his moral character, and his self-control as to personal expenditure? 2. Are his abilities of a high order in a scholarly or mathematical direction? 3. Are you sure that he is so impregnated with the American idea, that he will come back an American, with American ideas on the dignity of labor, and the duties of a citizen of a republic founded on the central thought of the worth of man as man? Unless all these questions were answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative, we would say at once, He had better stay at home. Of all contemptible objects, a mongrel American is the most contemptible. Better sacrifice scholarship than one's birthright. But still it is a distressing alternative. The only real remedy on a large scale is to put our shoulders to the wheel, and resolve that our children shall have secured to them here, in the land of their birthright,—here, in the midst of this great Western wind which so expands the breast, that it can harbor the wildest and most impossible hopes for man,—here,

where all labor is honorable, and the scholar feels the great pulse of the people's heart beating through his bosom, making the keen brain and the hard hand one in sympathy, — here, to establish a university system, so high, so thorough, so all-embracing, that there shall be no need of looking elsewhere for that culture which is to fine intellects the very breath of life.

ART. VI. — THE PRESIDENT'S RECONSTRUCTION.

1. *Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.* With a Biographical Introduction, by FRANK MOORE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.
2. *Great and Grave Questions for American Politicians.* By EBORACUS.

THE late war was held to prove that a republic can be, at need, the strongest form of human government, surest of its resources, most confident in the temper of its citizens, most apt to deal with "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion," most absolute in the exercise of that authority needed for its safety, — its power, at such a time, being like that of a water-flood, each particle mobile and uncertain, but held in the one channel by elemental forces, and resistless in its accumulated sweep. Even the form of a confederation, which has been generally thought the weakest bond of States, has not checked the exercise of a central, consolidated power, practically as absolute and unchallenged as that of any monarchy. Respecting, to a remarkable degree, the traditions and scruples of a constitutional régime as to its genial policy, the Government has held, in carrying it out, the almost despotic control of an amount of financial and military strength, — freely, nay, eagerly conceded to it by the people, — which has its only parallel in the revolutionary autocracy of Napoleon. The sudden coming-on of peace, with the Presi-

dent's murder at its beginning, took this accumulated power from the tried and trusted hands, where we saw it rest without anxiety, and committed it to new hands, which few of us had once thought of in connection with that office. What if they should prove treacherous or weak? "The accident of an accident," — the transfer of power by a rule arbitrary and impersonal, almost, as the divine right of kingly inheritance, — what if it should prove, at last, a calamity and mistake?

The ease and dignity with which Mr. Johnson assumed the reins of administration, six months ago, were only matched by the secure and undoubting confidence which prevailed everywhere in the public mind. At the very moment our commiserating English cousins were deploring the "anarchy" into which the great Republic had fallen, at length, in the hands of an ignorant, weak, and untrusty ruler, there was on this side a clearer consciousness of unity and strength, a more hopeful confidence in the destiny and future of the nation, than any of us would have thought possible, with the wounds of war so fresh. The work of peace was already begun in earnest. Terms of conciliation were already offered, and getting widely accepted among the revolted populations. One army of the insurrection after another was laying down its arms in absolute surrender. The soil was extensively preparing, and the conditions of labor and employment were fast getting established, for the greatly needed harvests of the year. The nation, just rallying victorious from its life-and-death struggle, was exercising a wise and needful charity, in the supply of destitution, and a healing of desolation, absolutely unparalleled. One of the highest officers in the military service, a man as well known for his Christian humanity as for his soldierly fidelity, was the appointed agent of the nation's guardianship over the newly enfranchised race, that was still to be protected from the jealous cruelty of its former masters, and initiated in the painful, slow, first steps towards civilization, equal justice, and political liberty. This was the "reconstruction" which the nation required. And to the immense task of it, the new President had already devoted himself, with an intelligent purpose and a consecration of will

which nothing in his career hitherto permitted us to doubt,— at the very time when he had to vindicate himself before the world from the most wanton misrepresentation, and the most undeserved contempt.

It is worth while to look back over these six months, so as to see what ground they have covered, and what advance we have actually made, and to judge fairly the position to which they have brought us. Especially because it cannot be overlooked, that a very painful suspicion and misunderstanding have prevailed among many of the best friends of the country, and the steadiest supporters of the administration,— a suspicion and misunderstanding which the next few weeks must do very much either to remove or fix. While it would be idle to anticipate the developments which the coming session of Congress brings so near, it is simple matter of justice and prudence to judge fairly as we may the great multitude and complexity of the elements which beset the immediate problem of our future.

It is indeed very striking to the imagination,— the immense, almost unchallenged authority which rests at present in one man's hands. It is stating it quite moderately to say, that the chances of civil peace or war, of liberty or slavery to many generations of the blacks, of sectional hatred or good-will amongst the whites, rest on the single decision of one whom, a year ago, few men had thought of in any connection with the national administration. Old party lines are melted down, and rival political organizations bid for his confidence and support. State elections turn on the dispute, which set of politicians best represents his mind and purpose. Conventions and platforms are dumb or eloquent on great points of public policy, according as he has reserved or declared his own. The confidence which the North is so forward to profess, comes echoed back in Southern speeches, resolutions, and newspapers. Journals of unflinching loyalty throughout the war are foremost in sustaining a plan of reconstruction, which is accepted and praised hardly less forwardly by men fresh from their rebellious counsels, still cleaving to their State-rights' theories, and haughtily accept-

ing the forms of pardon for an unacknowledged wrong. A measure of simple political equity and democratic consistency fails in a New-England State, it is said, because it is uncertain whether the President will desire it as a condition of reconstruction in the South: the majority of six thousand in Connecticut against negro suffrage would have been the other way, we are told, if only his mind were clear about it. Now, in very marked phases and movements of public thought, not easy to account for otherwise, it is often possible to see, afterwards, evidence of some secret necessity there was in them,—as it were a divine or unconscious popular instinct; and the fact vindicates what was the despair of our theory. And we incline to think that we ourselves may recognize hereafter, that this intense need, this imperious demand, of national unity after so fierce a conflict, has its necessary place in our history. Nay, is there not something in the tone of the diplomatic correspondence which is just coming over to us, to make us feel that the astonishing solidity and harmony of our political structure, but just now so rudely jarred, may be our safety from disaster or disgrace abroad? When Earl Russell, who, four years ago, condensed the misrepresentations of half England into an epigram, charging that “the North fought for empire, the South for independence;” and who, two years ago, found matter only of cavil and censure in the edict of emancipation,—when he respectfully solicits our Government to accept his sincere sympathy and congratulation that the “empire” has been established, and the emancipation achieved, we seem to see the vindication of at least one motive in the President’s somewhat hasty process of reconciliation. It has at least surprised Europe into acknowledging the legitimacy and the nationality of our republic.

Perhaps no testimony of the last few months has been more striking, than that of the little charm war has for a people that had sustained it so cheerily and fiercely, and of the eagerness for a return to the arts and ways of peace. An army so great that a few months back the Government seems to have feared to give the figures,—an army, as it is now stated, of thirteen hundred thousand men,—has almost liter-

ally melted away, unobserved, into the ranks of peaceful industry; and, of all the returned soldiers we have conversed with or heard of, not one but was glad to escape from the alternating idleness and excitement of the service to the quiet of home and the round of daily labor. Even the period of violent crimes, to which we were reconciling ourselves as we might, a few months ago, as the necessary brood of war, and the inevitable train of a disbanded army, seems to have passed as suddenly as it threatened; and we find ourselves again in the securities and moralities of a long peace, — qualified only by occasional turmoil in great cities, and by the unhealed miseries of the seat of war. The great financial task of meeting such vast arrears of pay, of crowding into a month the disbursements of half a year, of meeting obligations amounting to six hundred million dollars as fast as the mechanical process of distribution could be carried on, has been effected, skilfully and easily; the necessary loans were raised with no other disturbance to the business of the country than a slight "ground-swell" in prices; and the work was so cleanly done, that the one month of September saw an actual reduction of twelve and a half millions in the public debt, implying a decrease of more than half a million in the annual burden of it. The large navy of merchant ships, extemporized so suddenly for blockading purposes, has been sold in some cases at higher prices than were paid at first, to meet the reviving demands of commerce; while many millions have been gathering from the sale of stores designed to supply the enormous waste of field and hospital. This resolute prudence, this indefatigable economy, so essential to our recovery from the exhaustions of these four years, it is only justice to acknowledge as one main feature of the President's reconstruction.

The next need in importance, hardly less imperative, has been the restoring of industry and business confidence at the South. We have spoken of this so often before, — employing the words, and, where possible, the hand of eye-witnesses in that field, — that we have nothing to add now respecting the principles of general justice and economy which it re-

quires. If we are still compelled to hear—more few faint and far off—instances of disorder and brutality, especially as practised on the unresisting and helpless laboring population, at least it is fair to bear in mind what we had reason to fear from the animosities of that long series of campaigns, embittered and crossed by a social revolution forced on a proud, beaten, and reluctant people. In our judgment, the confidence we have all along expressed, in the better qualities and temper of our people, is abundantly vindicated in the general bearing of the facts, which we accept as way-marks of social progress at the South. We confess, with some shame, that great allowance has still to be made for the temper and prejudice of Northern soldiers, no less than of Southern masters. This is only to say, that we deal not with an ideal world, but with a very practical and imperfect one. If we demand a more extensive military rule, and claim more of Northern protection for the Southern blacks,—the doubt occurs, whether, as things are, the Northern soldier can be trusted as a safe guardian: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The reserve of force, in garrisons amply manned, and largely by colored troops, the Government does right in maintaining; but the show of force, especially in men of the race scarce yet ransomed and acknowledged, the Government may do wisely in withholding. Certainly, it is not a question which can be well argued at a distance. Meanwhile, the Freedmen's Bureau is claimed to be a vigilant and efficient protector of the right of the blacks to personal freedom and equal justice. The most definite token of "conquest" now subsisting in the South would appear to be the quasi-military tribunals, maintained expressly to try cases involving the rights of freedmen. So long as their testimony is excluded from State-courts, so long as they are not acknowledged equal before the law, these tribunals will be maintained: so it has just been announced to the State authorities of South Carolina. Amidst very great difficulties and perplexities,—which only those wilfully blind failed to see three years ago, when the policy of emancipation yet hung doubtful,—the Government does assert itself the vindicator of equal justice, and the champion of the

freedmen for their civil rights. Even if it goes no further than that at present, we believe the verdict must be, that, so far as that, it has acted with sincerity, frankness, and good faith.

Is not, then, the President's reconstruction already an ample and magnificent success, looking only to the testimony of these six months? A flood of prosperity at the North, unstayed and unchecked, — commerce revived in larger proportions than ever before, — enterprises of peaceful industry, in arts, mines, railways, emigration, scarce diminished during war, and pushed with redoubled activity now, — industry and prosperity reclaiming the desolate places of the South, — the great lines of railway and telegraph restored or fast restoring, — a degree of general confidence, a harmony of public sentiment, and a cordiality in the support of Government measures in every section, such as the country has never known, — is not this fruit enough, and testimony enough, for a single summer, to vindicate the Administration in its policy, its energy, and its good faith? What distrust yet remains? and what abatement must we make from the general, nay, triumphant assent, which the Government might seem entitled to claim?

If we would answer these questions fairly, and so do justice to those who, with no inferior patriotism, distrust, or even condemn the policy we have outlined, we must assume the ground of the very noblest political theories, and a standard of public justice such as no human government has ever thought of putting into practice, on any large scale. We must also understand, and to some extent share, that exceeding jealousy of any thing that falls short of the ideal, which in religious minds leads to "conviction of sin," and in State affairs makes a sincere "radical." Judged by all precedents we know, — by the standard of mercy and justice which any nation has ever shown in its conquest of rebellious subjects, or its dealing with inferior races of men, — by the standard which we should wish to see followed in such instances as make the nearest parallel, the subjugation of Hungary, of Poland, of Ireland, of Hindostan, — it may fairly be claimed

that the present administration stands with a clean, an honorable, a glorious record. Or, judging by the theory of our own Government, — a republic of equal and confederated States, — and considering the absolute need there is of free and willing acquiescence in all the parts, the mischief and impotency of any permanent domineering by any portion over any other, under the pretext of rebellion and conquest or any other, — we should be apt to say that the way our Government has undertaken its task is the right and only way; that genuine reconciliation should be sought by all means, and especially by cherishing all local liberties to the very verge of the public safety; that the Government is justified in dealing with the recognized and representative populations in the several States; that, having assumed the function of defender of civil rights in a revolutionary period, it is justified in leaving all political questions, as subordinate, to future spontaneous arrangements; that, requiring the one condition of loyalty to the national authority from every person claiming to be a citizen, it is entitled to treat with the States as political organizations, which, by our theory, have never escaped the obligations of the Union, or forfeited its rights.

The wide-spread anxiety and distrust we have spoken of, in the face of the evidence of facts we have already cited, touch these three things: the wholesale pardon of individuals, virtually abolishing all legal penalty for treason in the vast majority of cases; the failure to secure political rights for the blacks, threatening to surrender them back to a condition of vassalage little better than their former slavery; and the fear lest *power in the Union* may be restored to the hands that have sought to destroy it, without security against a treacherous and hostile use of it.

As to the first, the free and almost indiscriminate issue of pardons, — several hundred in a day, stamped, it is said, with a printed signature, to save labor, — we shall not repeat what has been urged so often, of the mistake of attempting to mete out just penalty for offences on so vast a scale, or exacting any thing like retributory vengeance, or following any other rule than simply the public safety, advantage, and honor.

We do not profess to read the motives of the Administration, or to speak for it in any sense; but we have been greatly impressed with the deliberate, stern, inexorable way in which the crimes of the rebellion have been dragged to light, and shown in their most revolting shapes before the world, in the two great criminal trials, of which the last is just concluded. Surely, it would appear, if the design of the Government were to condone and gloss the deep guilt that stains the Southern record, it would not display thus those hideous secrets, the mere reference to which must goad and sting the soul of every man who gave himself to the Southern cause. Where the nation's justice can lay its hand definitely on the author of this or that given crime, we hold that that justice should not spare. Armed, and biding its time, it holds in its grasp the lonely prisoner of Fort Monroe, as it has just dealt with the jailer of Andersonville. No sign, yet, that the severe purpose of the Government is relaxed, or that the definite crime of treason will fail of being strictly judged at the nation's bar; no need that haste or vengeance of ours should anticipate the time. Further than to vindicate the authority of that law which defines treason and appoints its penalty, it is apparently not the purpose of the Government to go. Whether it should, we hold to be simply a question of public honor and safety. Is there danger lest the South be not sufficiently subdued? Who shall answer? Mr. Wendell Phillips, in a brilliant speech, declares "the South victorious." Mr. Secretary McCulloch, at Fort Wayne, declares that never in all history was a population so completely subjugated as the South. Let us decide, if we will, which verdict is the true one. But, granting the official interpretation to be correct, it would be a crime as well as a blunder if the Government did not extend its amnesty in every single instance, irrespective of past political acts, that should not *now* threaten the public peace.

The question of negro suffrage has often been discussed as if it were the essential, if not the only one in the policy of reconstruction. And the distinction between "universal" and "impartial" suffrage, which was a little confused at first,

is getting cleared up. Regarding the suffrage not as a natural, but as a political and artificial right,—regarding it, too, not merely as a right, but even more as a power and a trust,—we hold that any State which respects itself, and desires security for its future, should establish some conditions of character and competency for the exercise of so high a trust. Regarding it as a question of simple political justice, we should earnestly desire any measure that would declare—and, if necessary, compel—equal conditions of citizenship to every man, without respect to race or color. In the precise shape in which the question comes before the country now, we cannot help thinking that it is of less practical consequence than is sometimes thought. Consistency and equal justice are, in the long-run, the best expediency. The right way is the safe way. And the right way in this matter seems so clear, and so exactly in the line of our political development hitherto, that it seems impossible the public mind should not by and by be won to it. General Banks reports, that, with simple freedom to start with, the blacks are sure to be a political power in the South presently. The latest and most authentic report of the President's own view, is, that he definitely desires and looks forward to engrafting the political rights of negroes on the Constitution of Tennessee. That his theory of the Government should leave it as a question for the Southern States to settle,—which in this case seem quite as likely to do justice as the Northern ones,—we neither wonder nor regret. He is apparently convinced that the political power of the freedmen, just now, would mean the political power of their late masters, as against the poor whites and recent colonists. Who shall gainsay this conviction? At all events,—even if the general mind of the country were prepared to insist upon this matter as a condition in reconstruction, which it very evidently is not,—it is impossible for us to believe, that any reliance could be placed on the Northern sympathies, or the intelligent loyalty of any large mass of newly emancipated voters in the South, in the face of the conflicts at the polls, and the threatened reign of terror, too likely to be inaugurated. If the choice

lies between the present disfranchisement of the negro and the postponement of any reconstruction at all,—and we are forced to think it does,—we have only, with whatever regrets, to take our choice; or, rather, as the question has probably been decided without any choice of ours, we have only to make the best of the result. To say nothing of the passions to be stirred anew by an obstinate struggle on this point, or the doubtful advantage of success, if gained, could the nation bear the demoralization or the financial strain of a long tenure of military empire in the South? We think, surely not. And therefore, much as we desire that the military tenure should be kept till the nation's safety is made *absolutely* sure,—strongly as we would ever insist upon maintaining it, till the strictest pledge is given of equal civil rights for all classes, and strict equality before the law,—steadily as we hold that equal political privilege is also the right way and the safe way,—we do not condemn a policy of reconstruction that remands this final act of justice to another tribunal and a later day.

The real difficulty that besets us,—the real anxiety that haunts us,—the difference which sets our case apart from that of every other nation that has subdued a rebellion, and is to be met at the threshold of any political reconstruction, is this: we cannot restore the citizens of rebellious States to their position in the Union, without at the same time restoring their control over the destinies of the Union. It is true, as Mr. Beecher has just said, that we must trust men somewhere,—we must have some reliance on their honor and good faith, if we are to stand in any friendly relations with them at all. And the conditions of pardon, or of political fellowship, which the Southern leaders accept, we entertain no doubt that they intend to keep. A State-rights theory which betrayed them into breaking their allegiance to the Union is one thing: to betray that allegiance after definitely renouncing the pretext, is quite another thing. Mr. Lincoln set the example, which Mr. Johnson has followed, of requiring, as the test of loyalty, the usual oath of allegiance to the Government, together with assent to the proclamations and laws

respecting slavery. So far, there seems no hesitation on the part of the South; and we think the South accepts both these conditions in good faith,—nay, with the general intention of doing fairly and justly by the negroes, whom the war makes free. But we shall be surprised if Congress does not insist on one condition more. A body of very important legislation has been enacted by the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth Congresses, in the absence of any member from the seceded States,—enacted, it may be presumed, by authority of a quorum; that is, a simple majority being present from the States actually represented. As specimens of the importance of this legislation, we may mention only the Homestead Law, the Pacific Railroad, the organization of the Army, the Pension laws, and the Public Debt. It is notorious and significant, that a considerable party at the North, during the war, as well as all the South with one accord, protested against this whole body of legislation as unconstitutional,—the Government being *de facto* dissolved by the acts of secession and the theory of State sovereignty denying the validity of any laws passed over an absent State. If any political perils shall come hereafter, we apprehend that they will gather about this point. In the conditions of pardon as heretofore announced, and in the amnesty oath as signed by General Lee, we do not observe any assurance in regard to it. It cannot be supposed that so grave a matter has escaped the eye of the President, or that he is treacherously inviting a compromise, which might prove his own political ruin, and the great dishonor of the nation. It is, without doubt, among the topics which he reserves to Congress. And the clear duty of Congress, the clear condition of public security, seems to be, *that the body of laws, passed by the National Congress in the last few years, shall be accepted as the valid and authoritative legislation of the country.* It may be said that no such pledge will be held binding,—that repudiation or repeal will be a remedy for any hurts or grievances, just as easy after such acceptance as before. But, in the first place, we believe such a pledge *will* be held binding by those who take it; and in the second place, even if it were not, at least they are debarred by it from ever taking their advantage of

State-rights theory, or their claim of the invalidity of certain legislation, in any future political intrigues and affiliations. An obnoxious law, or the grievance of a debt incurred to one's own detriment and harm, becomes a very different thing, when a man has once assented to it as the condition of a great advantage. And, though the South may show a repudiator or a nullifier here and there, we do not believe that the South will ever be able to send a body of men to Congress, prepared to repudiate or nullify what has been once solemnly accepted in the terms of amity and restoration.

With this one condition secured, — and with the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, not only forbidding slavery, but empowering Congress to pass all needful laws to make liberty secure, — we believe that every thing will have been done which can be done to insure the public honor and safety, as a condition precedent to the re-distribution of political power. And we should be glad to see the anxiety and jealousy, so widely manifested as to the two other points, directed upon this. Unless — as we feel sure it must be — Congress is prepared, with the support of the Administration, and without any advice of ours, to insist on some such vindication of its own dignity and the nation's honor, it is impossible to conjecture what treacheries and cabals it may not deliberately invite, by over-hastily admitting into the counsels of the nation, and into a share of government patronage and power, a class of men who but now boasted of being public enemies. Fortunately, the precise form of the danger is one which is very clear to see, which must be met at the very first step of any negotiation whatever, and which is perfectly within the power of Congress to control.

Our own leanings may dispose us to put too favorable a construction on the past. But we cannot possibly over-estimate the opportunities of the future. President Johnson has had a task assigned him, under Providence, and in the orderly working of our form of government, to which either the wisdom, courage, humanity, or firmness of few men is equal. It was natural that he should regard that task from the point of view of the class of which he is so honorable a representative, — the class of the industrious whites of the South. It would

be natural if he did not share in the more refined and humane sympathies, which have drawn the conscience of great bodies of men at a distance, to feel first and most for the race which has so far been the victim of our social and political arrangements. In the place of official responsibility in which he stands, and amid its infinite embarrassments, it is hardly to be wondered at that his words to the colored troops the other day, while generous and manly, should be words less of laudation and cheer than of grave and honest counsel. It is but three years since Mr. Lincoln's words to a colored delegation were colder still, and spoke of expatriation instead of equal citizenship. Yet they were honestly and kindly meant. And, while he always postponed his philanthropy to his theory of official duty, and declared that, whether it should involve the freedom or slavery, the deliverance or ruin, of the negro race, the Union must be saved at any rate, it is Abraham Lincoln, and not any theorist, or philanthropist, or declaimer of them all, that the reverence of that race has singled out as its Deliverer; nay, even in a high religious sense, its Messiah. Mr. Johnson's words may seem measured and cold, but we will trust him that they are honest. And what words that have been spoken in all the country have a heartier ring and a more manly glow than those of his addressed to the colored people of Nashville, which are reprinted now by his own authority? —

“Humble and unworthy as I am, if no other better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you, through the Red Sea of war and bondage, to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the world his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil; and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's good help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and, when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things; and shall rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life.”

ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

IN the "Astrology of the Reformation,"* it is Dr. Friedrich's purpose to show, that Luther wisely availed himself of the popular belief in astrology to promote the Reformation; that he accepted in good faith the prevailing ideas respecting the influence of the stars upon human destiny, and turned them to account in carrying forward his work. Luther's faith in astrology is shown, not only from numerous passages in his correspondence, but also from the preface to his edition (1527) of the "Proquosticon Propheticum" of John Lichtenburg, a renowned German astrologer. This work was filled with predictions of direful events that would occur in the natural world, as well as to the Church, the papacy, and the Empire.

Why should not Luther have believed, what was so wisely accepted, that even scepticism was constrained to support its ridicule? It is a mistake to suppose, that the increase of scientific knowledge has rendered astrology impossible in this age; that the boundaries between the natural and the supernatural are so well determined that the stars no longer minister to superstition. Astrological almanacs are annually published in England. In America, astrologers advertise in the papers. Many a farmer consults the position of the planets before he sows his seed, or kills his animals. Many a man likes to see the new moon over his right shoulder. Nurses inquire of the stars, before weaning an infant. We are informed that, in this very year, the Viceroy of Egypt has postponed his intended visit to Europe because the astrologers pronounced it unlucky. Multitudes of men look upon comets with something more than admiration, although the discovery of their periodical times has put an end to any serious belief in their fatal influence.

Why should we wonder that Luther shared in the universal delusion of his times, when scientific men like Cardan and Kepler confessed their faith in the influence of the planets over human impulses? when Tycho Brahe drew horoscopes, and was frightened at the appearance of Halley's comet? The German emperors, contemporary with Luther, kept astrologers in their service, and consulted them in important undertakings. Charles the Fifth and Catherine De Medicis patronized astrology, and the Vatican admitted its power. "Paul the Third appointed no important sitting of the consistory, undertook no journey, without observing the constellations, and choosing the day which appeared to him recommended by their aspect."†

* *Astrology of the Reformation.* By Dr. JOHN FRIEDRICH, Theological Instructor in the University of Munich. Munich. 1864.

† *Ranke's History of the Popes*, i. p. 157.

This philosophy of the ruling classes was the religion of the common people. They believed that certain conjunctions of the planets portended misfortunes, storms, floods, epidemic diseases, wars, revolutions. This was Luther's life-long faith. He was an attentive observer of unusual appearances in the natural world. "Within the last four years, how many signs and wonders have we seen in the heavens, — suns, crosses, extraordinary rainbows, and other wonderful things not in the natural course of events; and portending, as reason teaches us, the wrath and judgments of God! If they do not announce the last day, yet tumults and wars that shall change the governments of States, and occasion extreme misery to the people." *

In this is nothing censurable. It was the faith of all classes. Our own fathers accepted it. In England the art of astrology was publicly taught and practised more than a century after Luther's death. In 1666 a parliamentary committee consulted a professor of astrology concerning the origin of the great fire in London. There is no evidence that Luther made improper use of the popular superstition, or any use of it different from what any other earnest and intelligent man would have made. Dr. Friedrich's book is written with a strong bias against Luther, but fails to establish his complicity with the authors of the peasants' war, which, it is alleged, originated with the astrologers. That their predictions had a great influence on the popular mind, in connection with the war, is true; and it is also true, that a religious reform was included among the demands of the peasants. But that Luther favored the insurrection is not proved. His tendencies were against it. His sympathies were with the Government, and the higher classes who supported his movement, — a movement which did not penetrate the lower ranks of German society, as is shown by the extensive re-action that soon took place. His feelings were conservative, and he strenuously opposed the peasants' war, and deplored their excesses. It was not for astrological predictions, or the oppressions of peasants, to originate, or greatly to modify, a religious movement which was already prepared in the history of past ages, and only required a fitting occasion.

Dr. Friedrich's book is the result of careful research among the curious old literature of Germany, and would be an important contribution to the history of the Reformation, if its allegations against the spirit and method of Luther's work were established.

At this stage of theological science, one hardly opens a book upon dogmas with the expectation of finding novelties. The main doctrines of Christianity, rightly or wrongly deduced from the Gospels and the Epistles, were long ago settled; and the great task of modern criticism has been to prove their falsity, or soften their rigor. In noble opposition to the Old-Testament sternness, and the cold intellectualism of Calvin, Wesley undertook the grateful task of developing the social

* Tract on "The Last Day, and the Signs of its Coming."

and emotional nature of believers, and of forming a community that should be held together by the element of love, — an element that played by no means so important a part in the old dispensation as in the new. A Church established upon such a basis was in its origin a pleasing and an edifying spectacle. Its continued growth and prosperity show, that it appealed to a deep-seated want of the human heart, and that it did a great deal to satisfy that want. But it is no less plain, from an examination of the career of Methodism, and from the aspect of the congregations that fill its churches, that it has become a religious sect, with as one-sided a tendency as either Lutheranism or Calvinism. It has ever made too great a demand upon nerve force, to the exclusion of intellectual. The groans and the shouts of the faithful, in conference and revival meetings, will remain a blemish upon the Methodist Church, so long as it indulges in violent appeals to the emotional natures of its communicants, and makes no attempt to supply their exhausted systems with the chalybeate of reason. We believe, that a consciousness of their defects has been impressing itself upon the minds of the thinking men of the denomination, and that the late activity of the leaders, both in America and in Germany, is to be traced to a gradual awakening to a sense of what the age requires.

With this conviction of the merits and defects of Methodism, it has given us great pleasure to greet the really able attempt of Mr. Warren * (formerly a pastor in Boston), to put into the hands of the students under his charge a text-book intended at once to spread abroad juster ideas of the doctrines of his sect, and to educate, as its leaders, a class of ministers who should be more intelligent and better versed in theological science than their predecessors. In a subject so vexed and so uncertain as that of the respective boundaries of ethics and dogmatics, many would find fault with the definition given to systematic theology, and with the sphere assigned to its constituents. "Systematic theology," he says, "is the comprehensive, scientific presentation of the Christian doctrine of God, of man, and of the mutual relation of the two. It embraces: first, Christian dogmatics, which treats of the relation of God to man, and the Christian doctrine of God thence resulting; and, second, Christian ethics, which treats of the relation of man to God, and the Christian doctrine of man thence resulting." A definition commendable for simplicity, rather than capable of rigorous and distinct development, or practical treatment. So the *einheitlich*, or unitary method, consisting in the union of ethics and dogmatics, is an arrangement better suited to oral and informal lectures from the professor's chair, than to a scientific treatise. The two subjects can hardly be mingled without confusion.

It is a remarkable event, not only in theology but in general literature, that an American should write a work in German, and with the

* Systematische Theologie einheitlich behandelt. Von WILLIAM F. WARREN, Doctor und Professor der Theologie. Erste Lieferung Allgemeine Einleitung. Bremen: Verlag des Tractathauses. Zürich: Zeltweg, Nr. 728. Cincinnati, Ohio: Poe & Hitchcock. 1865. 8vo. pp. 186.

successful handling of the language that has attended the effort of Mr. Warren. But our interest in the book is not limited by the novelty of the printed characters. With some defects of style, and a slight tendency to rhetorical exaggeration, it takes high rank as an attempt to introduce scientific theology into Methodistic teaching and preaching. Its tables of works upon doctrines peculiar to the various faiths possess some value; more particularly, those relating to Methodism. It contains a large amount of interesting matter, especially a careful criticism, from the Methodistic stand-point, of the different confessions, and an accurate characterization of them, according to their predominance and principle. Of course no one will be surprised when he sees the various creeds arranged, in respect to development and perfection, as Roman Catholic, Calvinist, Lutheran, and Methodist; and most persons will be unable to join with Mr. Warren in considering the last a complete climax. But, without such a conviction on his part, Mr. Warren's faith would be vain, and the denomination would have lacked this noteworthy attempt to give greater dignity to their cause.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

"GREECE is the natural home of poetry," says Ampère,* "and, at a former period, I have studied Greek poetry in Greece; but Rome is the land of history, and now I undertake at Rome to write the history of Rome." And no one who has read his work will fail to regret that his premature death has brought it to an end before his original design of carrying the story down to the age of Constantine had been accomplished. It was his intention, also, upon finishing this work, to enter upon another treating of Christian Rome, which his careful investigation, and lucid style, and quick perception of the controlling features in character and art, would have made, we have no doubt, one of the most entertaining and instructive upon the subject, so little understood after all that has been written upon it. The "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Age," by Gregorovius, which we have already reviewed in these pages, was a work of equal industry, and somewhat similar character, although occupied with a wholly different period; but it was deficient in that vivid portraiture and that keen analysis which make the charm of Ampère. With this exception, there is no history of Rome worth reading, written upon the plan of the present work.

It is impossible, of course, in an exhaustive survey of the Roman world, to confine one's attention to the events of which Rome was the centre, or to the men of whom it was the home. To understand Roman history, we must understand the ancient world. Yet a picture so vast as that of the rise and fall of Rome will hardly ever perhaps be painted. Even Gibbon was obliged to content himself with its decline. For the display of learning, the field is too im-

* *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.* Par J. J. AMPÈRE de l'Académie Française, &c. Tome Quatrième. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1864.

mense; and for artistic effect, the subject, if we may say so, is too panoramic. But it is possible, as Ampère has shown in a very brilliant way, to sift a great deal of that mass of facts which goes to make up Roman history, to select the leading men, and to indicate the chief causes that made the civilized world revolve at last round a single city, obedient to a single will.

The greatest man in Roman history was Cæsar; the greatest man in modern history, to a Frenchman, is Buonaparte. Between these two men, not merely in their character and purpose, but still more in the circumstances and condition of the time, it has been much the fashion of late to draw a parallel. If it were a matter merely of literary criticism, the subject would not have much interest perhaps, except to that somewhat morbid class of mind that are ever striving to find in the past some proof of the little progress of the present; some confirmation of their glowing theory, that history does but repeat itself. But as involving a political question, affecting not merely the present administration but the whole future government of France and of Europe, the parallel between Cæsar and Buonaparte is a matter of intense interest, which it did not need the sophistry of the present Emperor of France, in his recent political pamphlet, entitled, the "Life of Julius Cæsar," to increase or diffuse.

But this political question is one not easily stated, and the method of its solution is one not easily indicated. To discuss it is to decide upon the tendency of institutions which have long since perished, and the character of men who have long since passed away. The more you consider it, the farther you are from arriving at a just conception even of its scope. But its existence is the necessary result of the historical studies of the time. The creative faculty has given way to the analytic. We do not have history now, but theories of history. As in art, it is not so much what you do as how you do it; so in history, it has come to be not so much matter what your facts are, as how you regard them. You may, indeed, like Niebuhr, re-write whole chapters of early history, or, like Cornewall Lewis, deny that they were ever written at all; but, when you have fairly entered upon fields where you are never without contemporary chronicles, it is impossible to write without feeling yourself guided, as by an unseen hand, to a far-off but definite conclusion. It is thus that many of the historians of Germany insist upon finding in the history of that divided country, all through its worst distractions, one steady, silent tendency to unity. And it is thus that Ampère, living at Rome, and unable to withdraw himself from that ever-present temptation to interpret the monuments of the past, which is one of the embarrassments, if also one of the inspirations, of the modern city, has written the history of Rome, which has lost none of its point, we may add, in his hands. After a vivid portrait of Cato, who, as Sallust said, loved to be, better than to appear, honest, and of whom even Seneca could say, that while some were of the party of Cæsar, and others of Pompey, Cato alone was for the Republic, he terminates the history of the Republic, "For, the senate conquered and Cato dead, to use the pro-

phetic expression of Thiers, *L'empire était fait.* — “My judgment upon Augustus is that of Macchiavelli and of Montesquieu, of Voltaire and of Gibbon; but the prejudice of the schools is against me.” — “But as for me,” he says again, and his words are the protest of the whole liberal party of France, “it is because I am liberal, that I hate evil done in the name of liberty.”

Political discussion, however, dignify it, or adorn it, or disguise it, as we will, wearies us at last; and we turn aside, with a feeling of relief, to those quieter and less irritating subjects which afford opportunity for no more bitter controversies than those of scholars, and for no zeal noisier than that of the antiquary. The *promenade historique* in Sabine Rome, in the time of Numa, and the chapters upon the Campagna and the primitive climate and poetic traditions of Rome, together with the brilliant essays upon the influence of Greek art upon the Roman, so well entitled, “*La Grèce à Rome dans l'Art,*” suggest topics less vexing, and in the end perhaps not less useful, than the Agrarian Laws, or the ambition of Cæsar.

It is to the fact, indeed, that his history was written at Rome, that it will owe much of its interest to many persons. For there, within the limits of the city itself, half buried in the ground, or scattered, broken, and confused upon the surface, lie all the memorials of its ancient career. Without going out of Rome, you may trace its architecture from the times of the kings to those of the Republic and the Empire; and follow the progress and decline of sculpture, from the bronze wolf to the ruins of the Capitol, and from the latter to the bas-reliefs of Constantine's arch. The modern villas also are, to a certain extent, a reproduction of the ancient. Often situated upon the same spot, as the villa of the Medici, which has succeeded to the gardens of Lucullus, and the villas Massimi and Pamphili, which claim the site of those of Sallust and of Galba, there is in all of them the same *mélange* of statues and fountains and verdure which characterize the ancient luxury. *Se promener dans une villa de Rome, c'est se promener dans l'antiquité.* The piquant analogies, indeed, which are ever springing up between Ancient Rome, with its still existing art, and Modern Rome with its still surviving paganism, could not but be full of suggestions to so acute a critic and so quick an observer; but, in bringing to bear upon them, as he has done, so much careful learning, Ampère has shown himself to be anxious for something more than mere effect.

That the Romans were not as a nation fond of art will hardly be disputed; yet it is surprising sometimes to find how much Roman art there really was. The temples of the second age of the Republic, if all Greek in their architecture, were almost all Roman in their artists; and it is a singular fact, that Antiochus Epiphanes, while he imitated at Antioch, with great magnificence, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, caused a Roman architect to come to Athens, in order to finish the temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which the construction had been interrupted since the time of Pisistratus. The kings of Asia also, it is said, were obliged to employ Roman artists in Greece, in order to

counteract in that country the influence of Rome; and Ariobarzanes II., King of Cappadocia, summoned Roman architects to Athens to finish the Odeum of Pericles, which had been destroyed in the siege of Sulla. But, besides the Roman, it is in Rome also, in the works of Phidias and Myson and Praxiteles, that you can form an idea of the principal types of Greek art.

Praxiteles, when asked which was the finest of his statues, replied, "The one which Nicias has painted." Whatever doubt may have been once entertained, it is now beyond question, that the Greeks painted their sculpture as they painted their architecture. Traces of painting have been found at Rome, both upon sculptures which may be ascribed to a Greek original, and upon those which are purely Roman. They have been found upon the frioses of the Parthenon, and of the temple at Phigalia; upon the Pallas de Velletri and the Venus d'Arles at Paris; upon the Venus de Medici at Florence, and a statue of Drusus at Naples; upon the Nile, and the pretended Antinous of the Capitol; upon the Colossi of Monte Cavallo, and the Orestes and Electra of the Villa Ludovisi. But, upon the more difficult question of modern painted sculpture, Ampère, with great politeness, avoids expressing any opinion, and wounding anybody's feelings. "We are not agreed," he says, "upon the preference to be given to the painted statues of Mr. Gibson over those which are not painted; but we are all agreed upon the talent which has produced both the one and the other."

The pretence, however, that Raphael found the models of his arabesques for the *loggia* of the Vatican in the Golden House of Nero, into the chambers of which, not then laid open, he descended from above, can hardly be sustained, though the Italian name for arabesques, *grotteschi*, whence, with some change of meaning, our word *grotesque* is derived, seems to indicate that some sort of painting was so named from its original discovery in the *grottos*, as the subterranean chambers were called, in which such mural compositions were found. Raphael had other models in the sculptured arabesques, which he might contemplate without difficulty and by daylight, among the ruins, and which the sculptors of the preceding century had admired and reproduced.

THE important subject of an organization of the national militia is fully and ably discussed in an anonymous pamphlet printed in Boston.* The writer has made the mistake of crowding into it a mass of documents, showing the need of a proper militia system, and making suggestions, — all of them of historical value, no doubt, but making the pamphlet too bulky. It would be more serviceable, would circulate more, and be read more, if these extracts were reduced at least a half, and better arranged under their several heads.

* The Militia of the United States. What it has been. What it should be. Boston: Press of T. R. Marvin & Son, 42, Congress Street. 1864. 8vo. pp. 131

For instance, no dates are given. The reader is left to guess whether a particular statement of defects in the militia organization was made recently, or in the early years of the Government.

The discussion of the subject by the author, which precedes and follows these copious extracts, errs rather, if at all, on the side of brevity. The main point of the argument, which is proved by the testimony of many eminent men, is, that "the radical defect of our militia system, and the primary cause of its failure, was the excess of numbers" (p. 21). To remedy this defect, the author proposes "for Congress, leaving the enrollment as it stands, and fixing upon the fraction they consider adequate, to enact, that one tenth or one eighth, or whatever portion, *shall be trained*, leaving the selection of ages, between eighteen and forty-five, to the discretion of the States, and leaving it also optional with them to increase the number, if their circumstances render it desirable" (p. 99). In order then to create a fit material for an efficient militia, he urges the military education of boys in the public schools. The officers should not be elected. "One of the first articles of the Swiss military system is, '*that the militia is under no circumstances a deliberative body.*'" (p. 107). They should be appointed from educated military men, — appointed, of course, by the State authorities, as prescribed by the Constitution; but all military academies should, he urges, be national, not State, institutions. As for the rank and file, there should be no exemptions except for actual physical disability, and no substitutes allowed.

"To accomplish and maintain the organization, arming, and discipline of the militia, a Federal Militia Staff is needed, and should consist of an assistant attached to each branch of the General Army Staff, devoted exclusively to the militia" (p. 105). Providing arms and equipments, prescribing the mode of instruction, and determining the organization and discipline of the force, completes the duties of the national Government. It then remains for the States to appoint a Board to examine the qualifications of officers, and a State Inspector, to act in concert with the Federal Inspector. Further details are left the States themselves. The author specially recommends a more rigid penal code for the militia, the retention of tried officers in their position as long as possible, and the rule that no commission should be granted above the rank of colonel; the necessity for all these being amply shown.

CRITICISM.

At the beginning of the present century, Alfieri said there were not more than thirty persons in Italy who really read the "*Divina Commedia*." If that be so, certainly the last thirty or forty years have made ample amends for the neglect, — not in Italy merely, but in Germany and England and France. All over the civilized world, indeed, with the increasing activity of mind which the present century has witnessed in political and moral as well as in scientific investiga-

tion, the remembrance of Dante has been quickened, by the observation of his almost poetic insight, into the causes and means of cure of the evils, and tendencies to evil, which afflict modern society. With the revival of the ideal of nationalities, in Italy and Hungary and Poland, or wherever else discord and oppression weighed heavily upon the hearts of men longing to be free, but ignorant of the fundamental principles of freedom, the reading of Dante has been a spiritual refreshment, an inspiration strong and pure. Now, therefore, when, after six hundred years of war and tumult, after so many triumphs in art, and so much abasement in morals, after such bitter experience of domestic weakness, and such degrading submission to foreign intervention, Italy, awakened and free, feels the throbbing of a new life through all its borders, from the fruitful plains of Lombardy to the rocky passes of the Calabrian Apennines, — it is no wonder that it pauses full of gratitude to celebrate the memory of him who first taught it to look for regeneration in union and for power in peace.

As one of the offerings from a distant land in aid of this magnificent commemoration of the birth of Dante,* Mr. Botta's book will meet with a generous welcome. As a popular exposition, moreover, of the life and the aims, the philosophy and the aspirations, of Dante, it will command general attention, and exert an excellent influence, by its lucid explanations and its sympathetic spirit; for it cannot fail to invite those who know not Dante, if such there be, to a careful study of his works. The obscurity in which, to most readers, the age of Dante is involved, arising from the various factions into which the nation was split, so often changing their objects and spirit without changing their names, is very well cleared up; and the author's remarks upon the Florentine constitution, and the aims of the Papacy as a political power, — opposed by Dante as such, as well as in its claims to spiritual sovereignty, — and upon the disturbances at Florence, which ended in the exile of the poet, are worth a good deal more to the general reader than all the conjectures and sublimities that have been hazarded upon Beatrice and the *Vita Nuova*, and the mystic meaning of both. Literally, writes Dante himself, the poem treats of the state of the spirits after death; but, allegorically, it signifies the present hell in which man does either right or wrong in his pilgrimage on earth. Again, in its historical and political aspects, the poem has two meanings. It describes the face and prefigures the redemption of Italy and the world: for it is not only the despair of his nation and his time, but its hope and its triumph, that Dante sings; showing thereby, not only his immense superiority as a poet, but that higher prophetic power which gives even to human words a saving grace for all ages. But these points are so very well brought out by our author, that we need only refer the reader to his book;

* Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the *Divina Commedia*; its Plot and Episodes. By VINCENZO BOTTA. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

while we thank him for showing how well Italians can write English when they write to instruct us in the worth of Dante.

WAR has broken out afresh between the English nation and Mr. Ruskin.* We hasten to declare ourselves strictly neutral in this contest, which, by the vigor of its commencement, promises to be both prolonged and desperate. Let us say, however, that Mr. Ruskin, who is certainly the attacking party, has, to our thinking, made a great advance since the days when his wrath was so far expended upon renaissance architects and French painters, dead centuries ago, as to leave nothing more dangerous than sarcasm for the present generation of his countrymen to fear. Having now, as we may presume, finished to his satisfaction his mediæval enemies, he turns in deadly earnest, and with what Mr. Kinglake would call the rapture of instant fight, to the herculean task of taking the conceit out of the noble British people, of which he, if any man is in that respect as in many others, the most exaggerated and undeniable type.

The first onslaught fell upon an innocent thousand or two of the unsuspecting people of Manchester, who, lapped in a fatal security, "dreaming no danger nigh," went calmly up to their Free-trade Hall to hear the distinguished art-critic discourse upon Kings' Treasuries, expecting we know not what entrancing picture of the architectural glories which ought to surround and illumine those golden depositories, and were saluted instead with such a flood of refined and rhetorical cursing as must have left them in much the same state of bewilderment as Oswald's after the objurgation of Kent, — "Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!"

He adopts, practically, at the outset, Carlyle's estimate of the British population, — "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools;" calls without success for a show of hands to sustain him; gravely assumes, upon this, his audience to be with him, and then goes on with his extraordinary philippic against the "senseless avarice" of that "money-making mob," the English nation; telling many undeniable truths, bitter enough at least to be wholesome, but telling them in such a temper, and with such a sublime mixture of "arrogancy, spleen, and pride," as to neutralize wholly the good effect which, in a more temperate mouth, they could hardly fail of working. His indignation is hot, like that of an angry teamster with a balky horse, and without much more dignity or moral force; and his unmeasured and indiscriminate vituperation recalls his own definition of the feelings of a gentleman or a gentle nation, as contrasted with those of a vulgar person or of a mob. "For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob than in this, — that their feelings are constant and just, results of due

* *Sesame and Lilies*: Two Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864. By JOHN RUSKIN. New York: 1865.

contemplation and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into any thing ; its feelings may be, — usually are, — on the whole, generous and right : but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them ; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure ; it thinks by infection for the most part, catching a passion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about when the fit is on ; nothing so great but it will forget in an hour when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous." — p. 41.

The distinction is not amiss, but to accept it is to rule its author out of the category of gentlemen for ever. Mr. Ruskin has no power of moral perspective. His wrath is a *dilettante* wrath, and is excited not so much by what is really base or cruel, as by what is in bad taste. At Venice, in 1850, he was intensely indignant with the Austrians for directing their guns against the palaces which contained the magnificent pictures of Titian and Veronese ; but so little indignant with their beastly tyranny over the Italian people, that he could prepare an elaborate Appendix to the "Stones of Venice," expressly to defend it. And, in the present volume, he is very nearly as much shocked by the Swiss railways, as by the astounding luxury of a Paris lorette, or the starvation of a family of London workpeople. Lastly, from a moralist so sensitive in matters of social order, what is the significance of passages like these ? —

"Alas ! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day ; — sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches, in revellings and junketings, sham-fights and gay puppet-shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort or a tear." — p. 40. "Also a great nation, having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides, and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or gray-haired clodpate Othello, 'perplexed in the extreme,' at the moment that it is sending a minister of the crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring." — p. 45.

This is one of Mr. Ruskin's illustrations of the advantage of possessing "just, measured, and continuous passions ;" and these words — we hesitate to express what seems too monstrous a suspicion — these words, in an English mouth, can only be meant for Abraham Lincoln, to whom Sir F. Bruce was newly accredited about the time when those lectures were preparing for the press. What is the value of the social and political speculations or criticisms of a man who, at the close of the American Rebellion, still regards the American President as a murderer, and the extinguished Rebel Confederacy as a noble and agonized nation ? What grief is there in the tears he sheds over the sufferings of English proletaires, and the hypocrisy and ava-

rice of English society? Under all the superficial delicacy of taste and sentiment, under all the magnificent farrago of rhetorical display, here shows forth the groundwork of vulgar bigotry, of brutal and stupid prejudice, of real charlatanism, which all the culture and study of a life of elegant leisure have failed to destroy or even to conceal. This is no reformer of social evils, loudly as he may declaim against the folly of the time; no reformer, but a conceited and bilious rhetorician, with a mind of much delicacy and power, and capable, originally, of admirable performance, but ill-balanced, ill-governed, and distorted by vanity and prejudice to a degree that makes it nearly impossible for him now to advocate any good cause, except in a spirit which makes his advocacy a misfortune.

We have been in years past among the warmest of Mr. Ruskin's admirers; and so long as he was content to be simply a writer upon Art, and a critic of artists, no one could be more ready than we to acknowledge the wonderful vigor and eloquence of his writings, the purity of his taste, and the courage and power with which he attacked vulgarity and pretence in all their forms. In respect to Architecture especially, it is hardly too much to say that he has created whatever there is of excellence in the architectural practice of England to-day; and our heartiest wish is, that the architects of our own country would take his lessons to heart in the same spirit of conscientious study with which they have been received by those of London. But, in an evil hour, Mr. Ruskin conceived the notion that he might become a political economist; he who, among all English men of letters, is, beyond doubt, the one most entirely governed by the impulse and passion of the moment, deliberately abandoned the field on which, by common consent, he had gained the first position, to enter upon the discussion of those questions, which, more than all others, demand the cool judgment, the patient and passionless reflection, and the life-long preparatory study, which only men, precisely his opposite in temperament and mental habit, can give. We might adopt his own language, and say, "Such a change is not merely Fall, it is Catastrophe."

Of purely literary essays, we cannot recall any more thoughtful and suggestive than the two which open the very attractive volume of Matthew Arnold,* — that, namely, on "The Function of Criticism," and that on "The Literary Influence of Academies." A poet inferior only to the very best, — the author of what, without much risk, we may call the finest narrative poem in English, "Sohrab and Rusturn," — a scholar whose refined appreciation of what is most excellent in the ancient classics is seen in such compositions as "Merope," and the Lectures "On Translating Homer." He impresses us even more as a conscientious and thoughtful critic, devoting himself to the study and illustration of the qualities most needed in English literature at the present day. Of the special topics he treats, several

* Essays in Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields..

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belong to names which refuse to become familiar to the English tongue. De Guérin, brother and sister, Joubert, even Heinrich Heine, to say nothing of Marcus Aurelius and Spinoza, belong to that rank of authors known, not by common fame, but by special and scholarly exposition; and even of these he rather satisfies our curiosity than stirs it to desire something more. Mr. Arnold is strongly convinced, that the continental mind, especially the French, has qualities which his own countrymen do ill to be ignorant of; and his particular "mission," as scholar and critic, is to stand as the interpreter of those qualities. We should prefer that a volume of this kind might deal more with the large topics and the world-wide fames in literature. For we feel, that, when we are dealing with minds of the past, our best economy is to deal most with only the rarest and highest minds. But the charm of Mr. Arnold's workmanship is so great, and his quality of thought so exquisite, that we care little for the text, while we are sure of the man. As original essays, quite apart from the titles and topics superscribed, the contents of this volume have a peculiar charm and an independent value.

WE have spoken before of Mr. Arnold's Lectures "On Translating Homer," and of his controversy with Professor Newman thereupon.* At that time we had not seen Mr. Newman's reply,† to which Mr. Arnold's "Last Words" were a rejoinder. A careful reading does not convince us that Mr. Newman has made a translation which, as an *English poem*, will take the place, to average readers, of many versions before the public, — some of them of far inferior scholarship and ability. But it does confirm us in the judgment, that, for the unlearned reader, especially if he be a student and content to learn, there is no other book in English that can compare with it in value, as a revelation of many of the most striking and characteristic Homeric qualities. A critic, whom Mr. Newman himself had reviewed severely, pronounced it, without exaggeration, "the most Homeric thing in English." Not that it gives, unless rarely, the flow, the majesty, and the charm which scholars are wont to find in the imperishable Greek; but that it conveys to the careful reader, as no other book in English does, those qualities which the scholar ascertains by assiduous study, and which *put him in a mental condition* to understand and enjoy the poem itself, or a more liberal version of it. As a further carrying-out of the same powers, the scholar will find the brief essay we have cited extremely interesting, — with enough of polemic spice to pique the mind into attention, while it is crowded with the results of cautious, careful, and conscientious scholarship.

We say this with the more pleasure, because Mr. Newman's version has been treated with most undeserved disparagement and neglect. Forget it, or condemn it, if you will, as a *poem*: it remains, neverthe-

* See Christian Examiner for May, 1863.

† Homeric Translations, in Theory and Practice. By Francis W. Newman. London: Williams & Norgate. pp. 104.

less, a *study* of the great poem unequalled in its way; and, perhaps, the best help we can have to an unprejudiced reading of the work itself. For the strange gloss of "stateliness" and "dignity" with which our modern associations insist on clothing the picturesque and vivacious epic, needs removing, quite as much as the film of ignorance that prevents our listening to the words in which it was spoken first. It is no disparagement to what Mr. Arnold has done, by way of poetic elucidation, to say that, on many points where he has crossed Mr. Newman's path, he has decidedly the worst of the encounter.

As to the form of verse or stanza which best fits a version of the Greek hexameter, it is perhaps an idle controversy. Mr. Arnold's brief essays at an English reproduction of it prove as valuable as Mr. Newman's somewhat monotonous and languid cadence. One translator, whose name we are unable to recall, ventures in the *Iliad* the intricacy of the Spenserian stanza; which Worsley had found so admirable a medium for the *Odyssey*. For ourselves, we incline to think that the rhymed fourteen-syllable measure, — the same employed by Chapman, but suffering comparative neglect at the present day, — when cultivated and developed up to the standard of euphony, ease, and strength now demanded, will yet prove the most adequate. If we go beyond careful scholarship or conventional smoothness, and look for the finer poetic qualities, where else shall we find them, even now, as we find them in Chapman? A model of conventional smoothness and good taste, with considerable of manly force and vigor, we find in Lord Derby's version; * but, within the few months since it appeared, five new competitors are stated to have entered the field, — pretty good evidence that it is not to be considered as having supplied the want. And yet it may not be too much to say, that, for the average English reader, with average English taste, it is the most satisfactory version that has yet appeared.

Without encumbering himself with hexameters or rhymes, or any of the metrical absurdities which sometimes beguile unwary translators, Lord Derby has wisely adopted that simplest and most useful of all metres, the heroic blank verse. "In the progress of this work," he writes in the preface, "I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure), if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet, it can only be in the heroic blank verse." His management of this measure evinces much skill and judgment; and his verse is, except in a few instances, strong, clear, polished, and harmonious. In respect to an almost literal fidelity, he is also entitled to high praise; and, though the necessities of a translator sometimes compel him to weaken the force of the original by the adoption of a too diffuse style, his sins

* The *Iliad* of Homer, rendered in English Blank Verse. By Edward, Earl of Derby. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 2 vols.

in this particular are comparatively few. Much of the spirit and vivacity and homely simplicity of the original have been preserved ; and the language of the translator is uniformly correct and dignified where these characteristics are justified by the original.

It is well that these beautiful and not too costly volumes have done something to nationalize among us the taste for this fascinating study ; but wish that some publisher might feel justified in offering to American readers the advantage of comparing it with Newman's *Iliad*, with Worsley's *Odyssey*, and with some one or more of its five successors in the field.

THE author of "*Atalanta in Calydon*,"* by a single effort, has placed himself in the foremost rank of the younger English poets ; and, if the future productions of his pen redeem the promise of his first poem, he will prove himself the undisputed successor of Tennyson and Browning, and their worthy rival. Adopting for his theme a well-known Greek myth, he has treated it with so much power, with such an affluence of imagination, and such a command of the resources of his art, as to make his comparatively brief tragedy one of the most remarkable productions of its class, which, so far as we remember, has been written within the lifetime of this generation. Thoroughly classic in spirit and form, it bears enough of the marks of modern taste and culture to make it welcome even to those who care little for the Greek drama. The story itself is one of the saddest of the Greek fables ; but it is admirably suited to Mr. Swinburne's purpose, and in its development he has shown at once how thoroughly his mind has been saturated with the influence of Grecian literature, and how rich and various are his powers. His imagination is vigorous and healthful ; and, if his diction is sometimes too copious and affluent, it is never weak or commonplace. There are single lines and passages of the most exquisite beauty and finish scattered all through the poem, which linger in the memory long after the reader has closed the volume. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne's skill in versification is scarcely less striking and admirable than the strength of his imagination and the warmth of his fancy. In only one respect is his versification justly open to criticism : the exuberance of his imagination sometimes renders him obscure, by leading him to multiply metaphors and comparisons ; but this obscurity is never, we believe, the result of ambiguity in the mind of the writer, while his verse is always smooth and graceful. From powers of so high an order much may be anticipated ; and we shall look with great interest for Mr. Swinburne's next volume, which we see is already announced as in press.

THE most elegant volume which has issued from the American press during the current year is the new selection of "*Gems from*

* *Atalanta in Calydon*. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 16mo.

Tennyson."* Of the contents of the volume, we need only say that it comprises most of the favorite pieces to which every reader first turns in any selection from Tennyson; and the paper, presswork, and binding are unexceptionable. But the chief attraction is in the engravings, thirty-two in number, which are not only beautiful as pictures, but are real illustrations of the author's meaning. Many, perhaps most, of them, we are glad to say, are by American artists and engravers; while those to which English names are attached have been selected with excellent judgment. Where all the illustrations are so meritorious, it might be difficult to select any for special praise; but we have been particularly struck by those from the pencil of Hennessy, and by a little sea-view by Kensett. In no respect is this book inferior to the best illustrated editions of the poets which have appeared in former years; and the illustrations, we think, are better than we have seen in any similar volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Congregationalism; what it is, whence it is, how it works, why it is better than any other Form of Church Government, and its Consequent Demands. By Henry M. Dexter. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 8vo. pp. 306.

The Radical Creed; a Discourse. By David A. Wasson, at his Installation as Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. With the Installation Services. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. pp. 40.

Address at the Funeral of Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith. By Thomas Hill; with the Discourse by Rufus P. Stebbins on the Sunday following; and a Sermon by Mr. Smith. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. pp. 32.

The Nation's Sacrifice; Abraham Lincoln. Two Discourses by A. D. Mayo. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co. pp. 28.

East and West. By the Same. pp. 33.

Sabbath Psalter; a Selection of Psalms for Public and Family Worship. Compiled by Rev. Henry J. Fox. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 236.

Reminiscences, Historical and Biographical, of Sixty-four Years in the Ministry. By Rev. Henry Boehm. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 493.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Life of Michael Angelo, by Hermann Grimm. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnëtt. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 558, 519. (A brilliant and enthusiastic sketch of the period and the group of celebrated men famous as the age of Michael Angelo. It is somewhat overcrowded with incident, though generally picturesque and clear; and the translation, while mostly easy and idiomatic, sometimes leaves the author's sense obscure, betraying here and there an ignorance of detail in the translator, which careful editing should remove. It is one of the most beautiful works of the American press, and deserves a more full review, which we hope to give in January.)

* Gems from Tennyson. With Illustrations by W. J. Hennessy, J. F. Kensett, S. Eyhinge, jr., F. O. C. Darley, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 4to.

Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America. By John William Draper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 325. (We are disappointed of the review we hoped to receive of this very valuable and striking book. As a picturesque exhibition of the physical condition of American life, the facts of climate, and of physical as connected with political geography, together with the parallels furnished by other times and lands, it stands alone. In some of its most brilliant passages, such as that on what we owe to Asia (p. 72), and on the career of the Saracens in Europe (pp. 179-198), it forms both a parallel and a sequel to Professor Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. With its many merits, we think, however, that its value as a discussion of political philosophy is injured by the form and style of Lectures which it adopts.)

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Boston: Little & Brown. (A very convenient and beautiful library edition.) Crown 8vo. Vols. i. ii. pp. 537, 576.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by Frank Moore. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 12mo. pp. 278.

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The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 337. (An edition of this work, numbering sixteen hundred copies, was published in 1856. It is now out of print. The present edition is enlarged by considerable new introductory matter, and by over one hundred additional specimens; also by an Appendix, consisting of poems not of an oriental character.)

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